

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

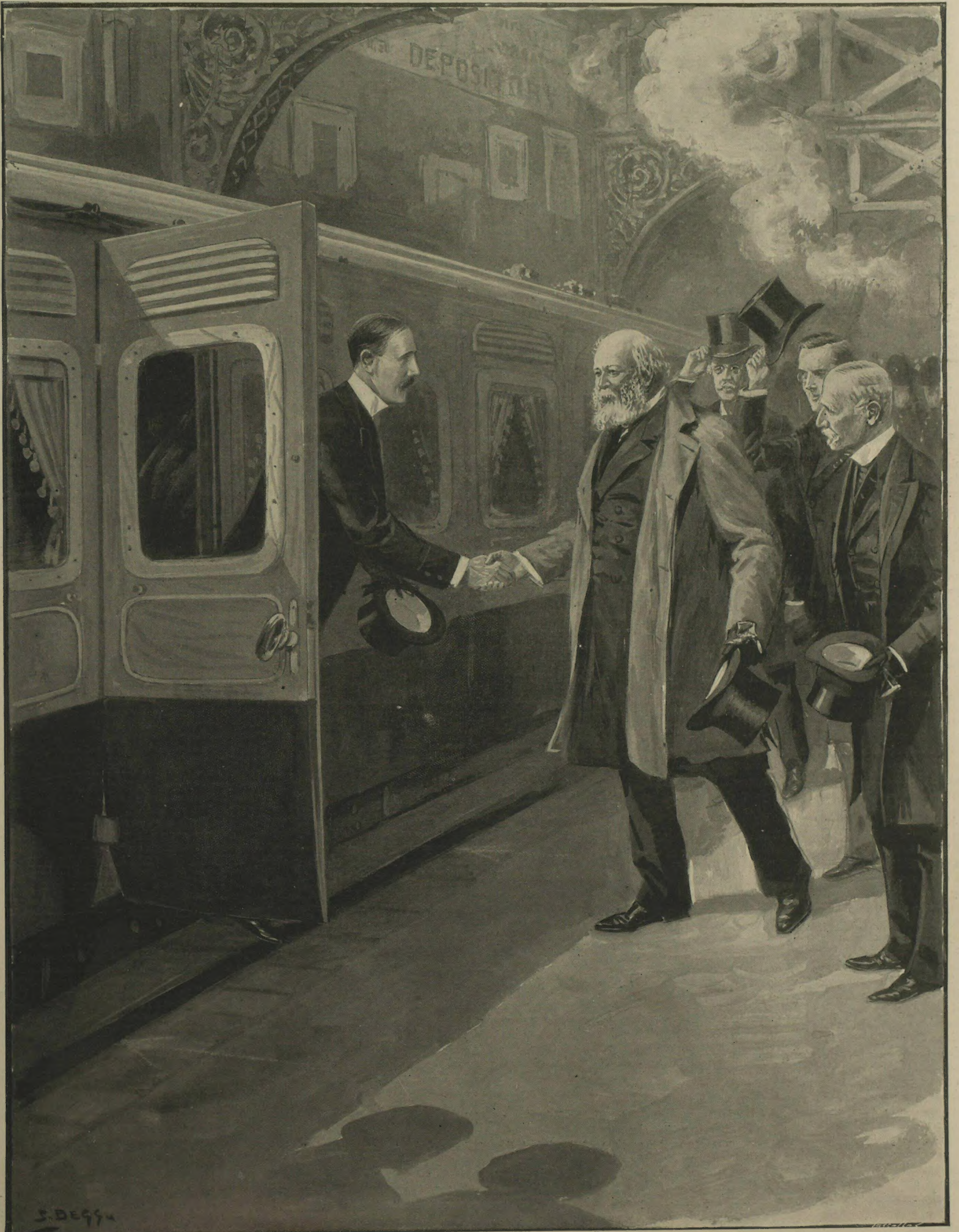
REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

No. 3241.—VOL. CXVIII.

SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1901.

WITH FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT } SIXPENCE.

Mr. A. J. Balfour. Mr. Chamberlain.



Sir A. Milner.

Lord Salisbury.

Lord Roberts.

PREMIER AND PRO-CONSUL: THE ARRIVAL OF SIR ALFRED (NOW LORD) MILNER AT WATERLOO ON MAY 24—WELCOME BY THE PRIME MINISTER.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

Mr. John Morley is the only public man whose speeches are delightful to read even when you do not agree with them. He is entirely without personal animus, and his literary quality never sinks to the comical pedantry which is reminded of Belshazzar's feast and Macbeth's banquet by Mr. Chamberlain's luncheon to Lord Milner. When Mr. Morley, in his most impressive vein, predicts a whole catalogue of disasters for our South African policy, I admire the turn of his periods, and recall that prophecy of his which was quoted in this page many months ago. It occurred in his essay on Seeley's "Expansion of England," and declared that when England was involved in a serious war, Australia would seize the opportunity to set up independence and fly her own flag. I should like to know what Mr. Morley, who is the soul of candour, thinks of that prophecy now. He must see that a prophet who has been so signally discomfited cannot expect his countrymen to be much disturbed when he unloads upon their heads another cargo of impending woes.

The business of the statesman is to face the facts, and the duty that springs out of them. Mr. Morley and his school have thrust the facts aside, because they prefer what Lord Milner calls "dear delusions and Utopian dogmatism." They believe that "a little more time, a little more patience, a little more meekness" would have conciliated "panoplied hatred, insensate ambitions, invincible ignorance." We could have had peace, says Lord Milner, at the price of "self-effacement." We could have it now by telling Botha that we find the war too expensive, and that the Boers may have some form of independence. Peace on such terms would convince them that they were the victors, and that when they threatened us with another war we should be afraid to accept the challenge. Some of the surrendered burghers are quite candid on this point. They say that the Boers, unless forced to submit, will hand down a tradition of their prowess as a stimulus to rebellion. We must not leave a single Mauser in the country; all that the Boer farmer needs for protection against the natives is a shot-gun. A certain Commandant Snyman (possibly the Snyman who skulked at Mafeking when the intrepid young Eloff tried to storm the place) is telling American audiences that he has buried enough ammunition, captured from the British, to prolong the war for two years. This may impose on Americans who see in Mr. Snyman a resemblance to George Washington, forgetting that Washington, among other virtues, was distinguished for veracity. But it will be the business of the British administrators to exhume the little stores that Botha and De Wet may lay up for future buccaneering.

Our simpletons who prattle about Macbeth and Belshazzar are distressed by the thought that the Boers will cherish a racial animosity. They have tried to master us, and they will be very angry because we have mastered them. Mr. Morley has the singular notion that it is hypocritical to talk of "equal rights" for the Boers when we insist on asserting British supremacy. If Mr. Kruger's ultimatum was not an assertion of Dutch supremacy, what was it? He expected to gain something by the war, or he would not have made it, and we may be sure that his gain would not have advantaged a single British subject in South Africa. "Equal rights" are incompatible with Krugerism, but they are the essence of British colonial administration. If the Boers do not like them, and crave for the independence they sacrificed to "insensate ambitions," we must hope that time will bring enlightenment. Meanwhile, we shall bear the resentment of the vanquished with equanimity, and try to forget the apparitions of Belshazzar and Macbeth at Claridge's Hotel, where, I presume, Mr. Kruger's incorrigible obstinacy represented the ghost of Banquo.

A correspondent writes: "I am well on in life, and I have parted my hair in the middle since I was five-and-twenty. Some members of my family, I well remember, who were assiduous chapel-goers, objected to the innovation on the ground that it savoured of light-mindedness. They had seen very worldly sentiments attributed to young men who parted their hair like that. I was not prepared with any better reason for the change than that it improved my personal appearance, and for serious people that carried no weight. There was a portrait of Matthew Arnold, showing his hair parted in the middle, and I mentioned this circumstance, which was unfortunate, seeing that Matthew Arnold was not in good odour with assiduous chapel-goers. But as the years rolled by, and I showed no tendency towards crime, or even to heterodox opinions, the family came to acquiesce in my hair-dressing. Prejudice, however, though it may slumber, seldom dies. What do I read now? A Chicago Professor says that men who part their hair in the middle, or wear feminine blouses in the hot weather, or tattoo themselves, testify to 'the alarming growth of degeneracy in modern civilisation.' This judgment has stirred up the embers of the ancient bigotry. An aged aunt has sent me a newspaper extract, containing the Professor's views, and has pencilled on the margin, 'The Voice of Culture.' Moreover, she has written me a letter, in the course of which she remarks, 'I hope you do not tattoo yourself.

I cannot feel sure, for if you have formed that degraded habit, you would naturally conceal it, at any rate from your relations; but I have read that a tattooed man used to exhibit himself in a show (Barnum's, or some such name), and there is no knowing what you may do to amuse the public.' This is a perfectly gratuitous allusion to my appearance (for a charity) in a series of *tableaux vivants* representing incidents in the life of Captain Cook.

"Sir, I spent part of my childhood amongst seafaring men, who, as you are probably aware, often tattoo themselves without stint. I remember one sailor who had the defeat of the Spanish Armada neatly executed on his brawny chest. So far from being degenerate, he was the ablest of able-bodied seamen, and as he assured me that the Spanish Armada had been done with a needle and gunpowder, and had occupied one of the leading artists of San Francisco the greater part of a week, I felt that he had suffered much in the cause of art. Moreover, he was in the truest sense a delicate connoisseur, for he showed me the picture as a special favour in return for a new half-crown I had received on my birthday. As a rule, he said, he was content to know that he carried on his person so striking a memento of one of the greatest events in the history of his country. It is no use telling this to my aunt, for she would say at once that he must have been the very man that exhibited himself in Barnum's Show. But if the case could be brought to the knowledge of the Chicago Professor, I am sure it would help him to revise his observation of mankind; for even the tremendous range of thought that distinguishes Chicago University must overlook something, and the tattooed chest of a sailor might escape the eye of the most discriminating culture. As for feminine blouses, I don't wear them; but when the hot weather sets in I shall discard waistcoats, and appear in a neat black silk waistband, which my niece (I am a bachelor) buys for me at Drake and Egbert's. Is this also a symptom of the alarming growth of degeneracy?"

That Chicago Professor reminds me of the excellent spinster in "Cranford," who used to argue with the retired military man about the respective merits of Dr. Johnson and the author of "Pickwick." She declared that if "Boz" could be induced to model his style on that of Dr. Johnson, there might be some hope for his future. If we knew exactly how the Professor wears his hair, civilisation might be saved. I hope he will send his portrait to my correspondent (I shall be delighted to forward it), showing the severe parting on the judicial brow. Of course, the subject can be treated with levity. Mr. Gilbert, if he had heard of it in time, might have worded a celebrated stanza in this wise—

You part your hair like this,
You part your hair like that;
Without a twirl, with never a curl,
It lies sedate and flat.
If you want to keep it trim,
Quite destitute of whim,
You'd better get
A marionette
And form your style on him!

But what we need is serious guidance. Did not another American Professor assure an interviewer that he was thirty-five years old, and had never kissed a woman? These are the men who should train the world.

A delightful article by Mr. Frank Beddard in the *Pall Mall Magazine* makes me suspect that the only spot in civilisation where degeneracy has not begun is the "Zoo." Mr. Beddard takes us through the great menagerie which is under his supervision, and shows us many distinguished inmates at dinner. The hippopotamus is an enviable gourmet. He has been thirty-seven years at the "Zoo," and has had only one attack of indigestion. On that grave occasion he was cured with forty (or eighty) drops of croton oil, administered in a bun. Happy beast! No visits to Harley Street at a guinea a visit! No anxious trials of patent medicines, advertised in the evening papers with portraits of the cures! Down went the bun, and Hippo was himself again! The Australian cassowary consumes everything (except the missionary and his hymn-book), and never knows what indigestion means. Excellent living (Mr. Beddard's statistics of the food are staggering) and leisured ease make astonishing longevity at the "Zoo." There was a Madagascar parrot who flourished in captivity for fifty-four years, and goodness knows how old he was when he retired to Regent's Park. I should not wonder if he was a centenarian. The official records apparently neglect to state his views of life. Was his language rich and free? Oh, to have been the Boswell of that Madagascar parrot! Think of his observation of the visitors for more than half a century, and especially of the partings of their hair! If Chicago University has a parrot, I wish it would entrust that valuable bird to the care of Mr. Beddard.

Sir Harry Johnston complains that Uganda is overrun by "globe-trotters," who live like "parasites" on the officials. Why do not the officials protect themselves by fetching the cassowary from the plains of Timbuctoo, and letting him acquire a taste for "globe-trotter" skin, bone, and note-book too? When he had cleared Uganda of the parasites, he might join Mr. Beddard's illustrious collection.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

THE LYCEUM REVIVALS.

Sir Henry Irving could not have given playgoers a greater pleasure than by deciding to revive at intervals during the remainder of the season a large number of pieces from his repertoire. The series opened with "Waterloo" and "The Bells," and in the familiar rôles of Corporal Gregory Brewster, and Mathias, the haunted Burgomaster, Sir Henry was as moving as ever. His Brewster seems to grow finer with each performance, the pathos of extreme age left solitary and living only on great memories being portrayed with a fidelity that would be heartrending but for the artistic compensations of the story. Conan Doyle's little piece has the strength and truth that make for permanence, and in Irving's hands this dramatic fragment, though dealing with the sere and yellow leaf, is evergreen. This week Sir Henry Irving has changed the Lyceum bill in favour of Sardou's strange travesty of history, "Robespierre." The play, of course, is one of those nailed-up melodramas in which character, brain-work, and even dramatic construction are sacrificed to the needs of telling situations and scenic display, and yet somehow it contrives to furnish sufficient scope even for the art of a great actor like Henry Irving. His impersonation of Robespierre, improved in subtlety, marred by an occasional touch of rant, can still be held one of his most attractive studies in the psychology of the luridly picturesque. For the rest, Miss Ellen Terry again proves a very charming and womanly Clarisse, though she speaks her lines sometimes with pauses, as if only half learnt; and the stage crowds are as admirably drilled and grouped as ever.

"MARIANA," AT THE ROYALTY.

It is difficult to avoid the suspicion that Echegaray's modern love-tragedy, "Mariana," postulates an absurd standard of delicacy and filial devotion, when the heroine is found rejecting an adored suitor and marrying an elderly martinet because the former happens to be the son of her mother's seducer. It is inconceivable that that mother's infidelity could have produced on Mariana, when a child of eight, so lasting an influence as to embitter her against all masculine passion. Still, granted these hypotheses and the coincidence behind them, certainly the Spanish author takes far too long to develop his striking theme. Three acts of comedy talk, interspersed with ecstatic love raptures, are occupied in preparing the inevitable revelation, and meantime an antiquarian bore wearies his audience no less than his stage-companions with flagrant "comic relief." Not till the last act, indeed, when Mariana, tempted to repeat her mother's offence, calls on her bridegroom to defend his honour, and is shot dead by that ruthless Quixote, is there obtained real drama, or perhaps melodrama. The play, too, hardly secures the fairest hearing at the Royalty, for none of the comedy characters seem given there any Spanish colour; while Mr. Titheradge's selection for the rôle of modern Romeo is a disastrous case of mis-casting. The whole charm of the piece depends on the lyrical ardour of its sentimental scenes; and Mr. Titheradge's heavy style discounts their value. Hampered by the dead weight of such a leading man, it requires all Mrs. Patrick Campbell's languorous grace, spiritual self-abandonment, and nervous intensity to make a heroine of so wilful yet arresting a type, a play of such protracted yet genuine romantic interest, duly sympathetic.

"THE SACRAMENT OF JUDAS," EXPANDED AT THE COMEDY.

In attempting to expand his poignant and compact little tragedy of Revolutionary France, "The Sacrament of Judas," M. Tiercelin has met with the usual fate attending those who decline to let well alone. The two acts which now prelude his truly admirable one-act play are really superfluous and even undramatic. As originally set out, the case of conscience of a priest, unfrocked, to his thinking, yet compelled to hear confession, and so to learn that the girl he would marry is a young aristocrat's victim, convinced by the performance of his office that his vows are binding, and resolved to sacrifice his life for the lovers' salvation, was responsible for a well-nigh perfect work of art. But, of the additions now made to the story, the first act is only interesting as expounding more fully the contrasted characters of the profligate yet superstitious Count and the half-democratic, half-ascetic-minded monk; while the second act, which might have proved very telling had it contained a passionate love-scene of heroine and betrayer, rejects this obvious course, and advances not one step the action of the drama. The one consolation to be derived from the playwright's failure is the fact that he enables Mr. Forbes Robertson, an actor always inimitable in explaining subtle states of mental conflict, in expressing the finer shades of romantic emotion, to elaborate his splendid portrait of the recusant priest, to act with more convincing fervour a part exactly suited to his own picturesque aspect and introspective temperament.

"H.M.S. IRRESPONSIBLE," AT THE STRAND.

We said so much in praise of the performance given by Mr. Arthur Roberts in the musical farce above mentioned when the piece was introduced to London playgoers at the Kennington Theatre, that on the present occasion we need only chronicle the translation of Messrs. Byng and Cornish's "musical playlet" to the Strand, the continued success obtained by Mr. Roberts in the rôle of the sham naval Captain, and the very welcome succession of Miss Kate Cutler to Miss Kitty Loftus's part of the valet-hero's sweetheart. On Monday night Mr. Roberts received more than customary applause for his songs, for his clever mimicry, and for his jerky delivery of recondite Cockney "patter"; Miss Cutler—thanks to her winning grace and refinement—contrived to convert a cheeky soubrette's part into that of a dainty comédienne; and Miss Florence Perry and Mr. W. H. Denny did their best to provide in their respective rôles some agreeable singing and a neat study of character. "H.M.S. Irresponsible" makes the very addition to London's amusements that we all wanted.

OTHER THEATRICAL EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

Other theatrical events of the week include the revival of that desperately stagey melodrama of Dickensian romance,

"The Only Way," in which, as now played at the Apollo Theatre, Mr. Martin Harvey repeats his very graceful, but more than ever mannered representation of Sydney Carton; the completion of the beautiful Imperial Theatre, whereat the clever doubling of Mrs. Langtry and the superb romantic acting of Mr. Robert Taber still win favour for the Marie Antoinette drama, "A Royal Neck-lace"; and finally the celebration, last Wednesday, of the two hundredth performance of Captain Marshall's Hay-market comedy, "The Second in Command." This last-named piece of theatrical sentiment, however small may be its relation to life and art, has at any rate the advantage of supplying that clever comedian, Mr. Cyril Maude, and that pretty ingénue, Miss Sybil Carlisle, with opportunities for suggesting pathos, and its phenomenal success affords proof, if proof were needed, of the coming tyranny of the "pleasant" play.

For Epsom races, the Derby, and Oaks, the London Brighton and South Coast Railway Company are making special arrangements to despatch trains at frequent intervals from both their Victoria and London Bridge stations direct to their Epsom Downs Racecourse Station, near the grand stand. Passengers will be booked through from Kensington (Addison Road) Station by direct trains, and by others changing at Clapham Junction into the Victoria trains to the Epsom Downs Station. Special trains are run to the Epsom Town Station from Victoria and London Bridge, and passengers will also be booked through to that station by trains from Liverpool Street, Whitechapel, and East London Line stations via New Cross and Peckham Rye Junctions, and from Kensington via Clapham Junction.

The South-Eastern and Chatham Company's new route to Epsom Downs and Racecourse Station at Tattenham Corner will be opened for the Epsom Summer Meeting on June 4, 5, 6, and 7. Tattenham Corner Station is about forty-five minutes' run from London, and has spacious refreshment, waiting, and cloak rooms, also a postal-telegraph office. It is the only station actually on the course, and is about five minutes' walk from the grand stand. A special service of fast trains will be run on each day from London, and on Derby Day special through excursion trains will be run from the Kent and Sussex coasts and all principal country stations to Tattenham Corner, thus enabling passengers to reach the course direct without change of carriage. The new station, being in close proximity to the stables of the Epsom Grand Stand Association, affords a great convenience to trainers, and every facility will be given for the reception and despatch of racehorse traffic, June 3 to 8 inclusive.

AT THE BOOKSELLERS'.

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China and the Allies. A. Henry Savage Landor. Two vols. (Heinemann. 30s.)
Doom Castle. Neil Munro. (Blackwood. 6s.)
Adam Bede. George Eliot. Vol. I. Library Edition. (Blackwood. 10s. 6d.)
The Crisis. Winston Churchill. (Macmillan. 6s.)
The Red Chancellor. Sir William Magnay, Bart. (Ward, Lock. 6s.)
Bonanza. Ernest G. Henham. (Hutchinson. 6s.)
The Chronic Loner. Nelson Lloyd. Doct's Library. (Heinemann. 4s.)
Henry Broadhurst, M.P.: The Story of his Life from a Stonemason's Bench to the Treasury Bench. Told by Himself. (Hutchinson. 16s.)
Glimpses of Three Nations. G. W. Stevens. (Blackwood. 6s.)
The Work of the Ninth Division. Major-General Sir H. G. Colville. (Arnold. 10s. 6d.)
London Only. W. Pett Ridge. (Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.)
Anni Fugaces: A Book of Verses with Cambridge Interludes. R. C. Lehmann. (Lane. 3s. 6d.)
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Yeomanry Service. Lady Maud Rolleston. (Smith, Elder. 7s. 6d.)
The Gentleman's Magazine Library: Being a Classified Collection of the Chief Contents of the "Gentleman's Magazine" from 1731 to 1868. Edited by George Laurence Gomme, F.S.A. (Elliot Stock. 7s. 6d.)

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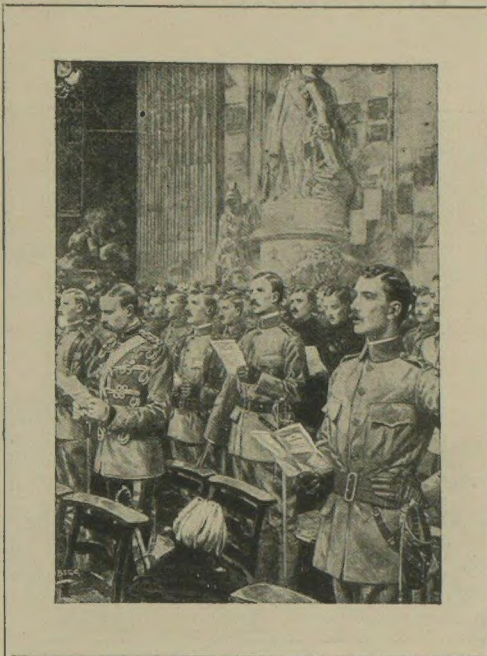
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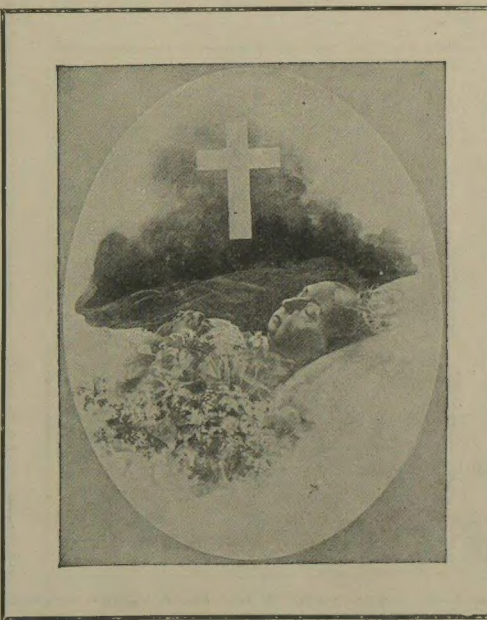
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 from ABERDEEN five times in the week, from beginning of May to end of September.
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DARMSTADT EXHIBITION OF THE ARTISTS' COLONY

(AUSSTELLUNG DER KÜNSTLER-KOLONIE, DARMSTADT,
 GERMANY.)

MAY 1 until OCTOBER 1, 1901.

MODERN ARTISTIC SILK DRESS MATERIALS

of the utmost interest to Ladies, and especially also to the Silk trade, will be exhibited
 for the first time at the above Exhibition, Professor Hans Christmann having
 produced a complete series of wonderful samples woven by the silk firm of David, at
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Patron, HIS MAJESTY THE KING.
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GRAND HISTORICAL PAGEANT—
 "THE INAUGURATION OF THE AUSTRALIAN COMMONWEALTH."

THE FINEST IN SCOTLAND.
 MOFFAT HYDROPATHIC.
 FOR HEALTH AND PLEASURE.
 BED, BOARD, and BATHS, from £2 12s. 6d. per week.

TWO MILITARY CEREMONIES OF THE PAST WEEK.

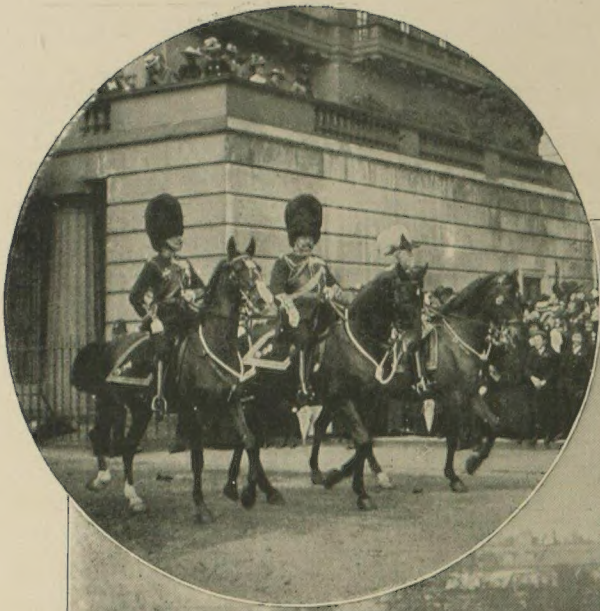


Photo. Russell.

THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT, THE KING, AND PRINCE CHRISTIAN
ON THEIR WAY TO THE PRESENTATION.
Photograph by E. L. King.

PRESENTATION OF COLOURS TO THE 3RD SCOTS GUARDS BY KING EDWARD VII.
AT THE HORSE GUARDS' PARADE ON MAY 24.



Photo. Russell.

LORD ROBERTS OPENING THE NAVAL AND MILITARY EXHIBITION AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.



THE FIRST YACHTING SEASON OF THE CENTURY: A NECK-AND-NECK RACE,

DRAWN BY C. J. DE LACY.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE KING AND THE SCOTS GUARDS.

The King, on Friday last week, presented colours to the 3rd Battalion of the Scots Guards. The ceremony on the Horse Guards' Parade had the usual impressiveness of this sort of military function, and it was the more memorable as being the first of Edward VII.'s reign, and the first in any reign in which a Sovereign has presented colours to any battalion of the Guards. The Guards wear out their colours quickly—they have about the regulation life of a great-coat—five years, and the result has been that they have been mechanically requisitioned in the past like any other military accoutrement. The King, who was heralded by cheers from the outside public, was accompanied by a brilliant staff. Earl Roberts, in the uniform of a Colonel of Irish Guards, rode before him, and just behind him was Lord Wolseley, in the uniform of the Blues. Many other distinguished officers and a group of foreign Military Attachés rode with the King, who, as Colonel-in-Chief of the Guards, wore the uniform of the Scots Guards for the first time in his life. After riding to the saluting-point and up and down the lines, his Majesty, with Earl Roberts, the Duke of Connaught, Prince Christian, and Sir H. Trotter grouped beside him, presented the colours to the battalion in general and to Colonel Dalrymple-

Commerce bade him welcome. Sir Alfred, in reply, said that he came home for a holiday, not for speech-making, but added that the voyage had been a wonderful restorative, and that the company on board the *Saxon*—though it included Dutchmen—did not allow political difference to mar the pleasantness of personal intercourse. Ten minutes later, Sir Alfred—henceforth, by order of the King, to be a peer of Great Britain—was on his way to London. The platform at Waterloo was a wonderful sight, where even Lord Salisbury was to be seen, awaiting the arrival of the Pro-Consul. Others present were Mr. Balfour, Mr. Chamberlain, Lord Lansdowne, the Lord Chancellor, the Duke of Abercorn, and Mr. Brodrick. The Government turned out in almost full force to give a greeting to the instrument of their policy in South Africa. The High Commissioner was in the midst of this distinguished throng the moment the train drew up—reserving his first hand-shake for the Prime Minister, with whom and Mr. Chamberlain he drove direct to Marlborough House, where the High Commissioner and Mr. Chamberlain had a prolonged audience with the King.

THE BATH AND WESTERN COUNTIES SHOW.

The Bath and West of England Society's Show opened at Croydon on May 22. The display of live-stock was one of the best and most extensive in the society's history. In the hackney and pony classes the entries were somewhat disappointing, but the cattle more than compensated for any shortcoming in horses. Shorthorns were seen to better advantage than usual, and though Herefords were not numerous, the standard of merit was high. The sheep section was satisfactory, although the numbers in some classes were not all that could have been desired. On the second and following days there were jumping and driving competitions.



THE VICTORIA CUP FOR HURST PARK.

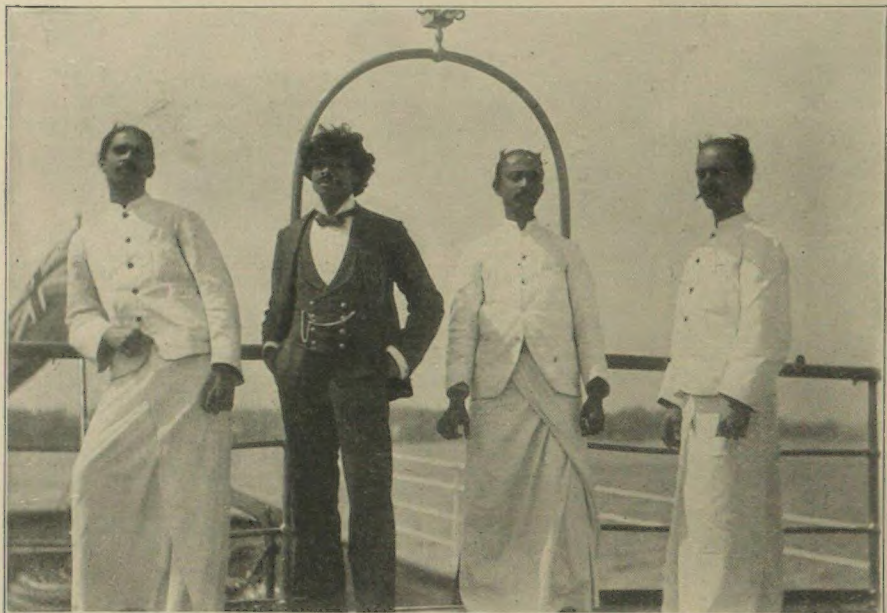
mine both impeded the work and destroyed any lingering hope that the men or the fifty horses could have survived in it. The roof of the mine has in many places fallen in, so that the dead bodies found are much mutilated.

THE VICTORIA CUP FOR HURST PARK.

The Victoria Cup, which takes the form of a solid gold statuette of her late Majesty Queen Victoria, is a replica of the statue, executed by Sir Edgar Boehm, Bart., erected opposite Hyde Park, Sydney, New South Wales, and unveiled by Lady Carrington in 1888. The gold statuette was designed and executed by Priora, an Italian artist then resident in Sydney, and was to have been presented to Lady Carrington, wife of the then Governor of New South Wales, but etiquette forbade its acceptance, and now it is to serve as a racing award.

THE TEMPLE FLOWER SHOW.

The fourteenth annual flower-show of the Royal Horticultural Society, opened in the Inner Temple Gardens last week, was favoured by fine weather, the usual band of the Blues, and a large and gay throng of people. The exhibits, filling five tents, were as attractive as ever. Indeed, in Tent No. 5 the show of orchids was generally acknowledged to surpass in beauty and variety any past display of the sort. Mr. Sander, as a result, got a gold medal, while a silver one was accorded to the Rothschild group.



SIR T. LIPTON'S CINGALESE SERVANTS WHO WAITED AT THE DINNER TO THE KING ON BOARD THE "ERIN."

Hamilton by name, to whose services and sufferings in South Africa—attested by his empty sleeve—allusion was made.

DISASTER TO "SHAMROCK II."

The King left London for Southampton on Wednesday last week to witness a further trial between the two *Shamrocks*. Attended by Sir Thomas Lipton, his Majesty boarded the challenger about an hour before the start. Just as the vessels were starting a gust of wind swept down upon them, with astonishing results. The whole spread of canvas of *Shamrock II.* was carried away, bringing down all its gear with it, including even the mast and spars. The only fortune remaining was that this avalanche did not overwhelm the vessel, or bury beneath it the King, the owner, the crew, and the small group of distinguished visitors who kept his Majesty company on board. Happily, nobody was touched. A few seconds would have made all the difference. The collapse was almost instantaneous. Seeing it, Captain Wringe, who was sailing *Shamrock I.*, instantly brought the ex-challenger to assist. She was romping along at a rare pace when, as ill luck would have it, her gaff also gave way, leaving her hopelessly crippled. The launch of Mr. Whitaker Wright's *Sybarita* was able to render the necessary assistance. The King sailed round the dismantled *Shamrock II.* before taking refuge on the *Erin*, where he dined before returning to town. The New York yachting authorities have readily agreed to delay the cup race for a month—that is, until Sept. 21—in order to give Sir Thomas Lipton time to repair the damage done so dramatically to *Shamrock II.* One of the bits of colour on the *Erin* is supplied by the Cingalese servants, who, to their great delight, waited on the King during his visit. Sir Thomas Lipton, returning on one occasion from a visit to his tea-plantations in Ceylon, brought with him one of the boys. They have all taken kindly to an alien climate and alien customs, and have made excellent as well as picturesque attendants.

THE ARRIVAL OF LORD MILNER.

The *Saxon*, the newest and largest of Union Castle liners, landed Sir Alfred Milner at Southampton on Friday morning last week. The South African High Commissioner, whose need of a holiday must in the nature of things be urgent, but whose bronzed face told no tale of exhaustion, was accorded the warmest of welcomes, not by the public only, but by a party of friends—Lord Grey, Sir E. Grey, Mr. George Wyndham, Colonel Hanbury Williams, and the rest—who had come down from Waterloo for the great occasion. The Mayor and Corporation also were there, the band of the 2nd Hants Volunteers played its welcome, and the 4th Oxfordshire Light Infantry furnished a guard of honour for the gangway. A loud cheer greeted the High Commissioner as, bare-headed and smiling, he stepped out upon the quay, where the President of the Southampton Chamber of

ful parks and gardens. It is also a military camp, and the great parade-ground is the scene of most of the important reviews of the Russian army which the Czar holds from time to time.

THE WELSH COLLIERY DISASTER.

A shocking mining disaster occurred on Friday morning last week at Senghenydd Pit, belonging to the Universal Colliery Company, near Caerphilly, South Wales. At a time when seventy-eight men were in the pit, an explosion occurred which seriously damaged the workings and disabled the shafts. Rescue parties at once got to work. The recovery of one man alive was the only encouraging result of their labours. These were continued throughout Saturday and Sunday; but the gas arising from the



THE COLLIERY DISASTER AT THE SENGHENYDD PIT: SCENE AT THE WORKS.

PERSONAL.

The King has conferred a peerage on Sir Alfred Milner, who has assumed the title of Baron Milner of St. James's and of Cape Town. In his striking speech at Mr. Chamberlain's luncheon Lord Milner explained that the gathering at Claridge's Hotel was due to the necessity of telling the public that he was not recalled in disgrace. "In a rational world," said the High Commissioner dryly, no such explanation would have been necessary. It is curious that the suspicion as to Sir Alfred Milner's recall was most pertinaciously spread by a journal that has given the strongest support to his policy. It is still more curious that, having been set right, that journal has not a word to say.

Sir William Martin Conway, who has just been elected Professor of Fine Art, Cambridge, is already eminent as a

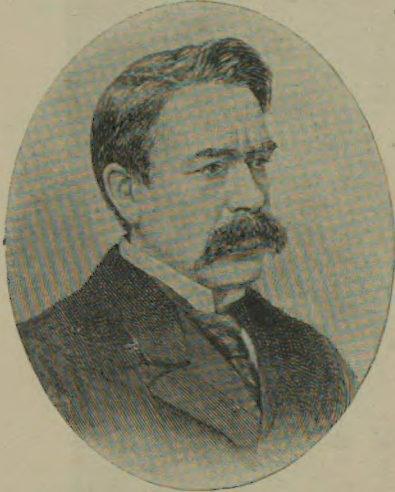


Photo. Elliott and Fry.

SIR MARTIN CONWAY,
New Professor of Fine Art at Cambridge.

Aconcagua. He has written largely alike upon mountaineering and upon art, his chief works upon his professional subject including "The Artistic Development of Reynolds and Gainsborough," "Early Flemish Artists," "The Woodcutters of the Netherlands," "The Literary Remains of Albrecht Dürer," and other works. He has been a University Extension Lecturer for Cambridge. Sir Martin was born at Rochester in 1852, and is the son of the Rev. William Conway, Canon of Westminster. Repton is his school, and Trinity, Cambridge, his college.

Sir Claude and Lady MacDonald are coming to England. They left Yokohama this week, and will pause in America on their way home. Sir Claude and Lady MacDonald, if they have no public reception, may count on the warmest possible greetings on their arrival in a city which, only a few months ago, they had abandoned hope of ever seeing again.

The sale of the royal hackneys at the King's stud-farm at Wolferton on Tuesday realised 5446 guineas as the price of the fifty-three horses that found buyers. Lord Marcus Beresford and Sir Jacob Wilson were among the guests of Sir Dighton Probyn for the occasion; and Lord Roberts, accompanied by Lord Downe, whose guest he had been for some days in Leicestershire, came over to attend the sale and pass the night at Sandringham. Sir Redvers Buller was also recognised among the visitors, and cheers greeted his name when it was announced as that of a purchaser.

To the list of Canadian soldiers who have won the Victoria Cross must be added the name of Lieutenant H. Z. C. Cockburn, Royal Canadian Dragoons. Mr. Cockburn won the reward for conspicuous gallantry in presence of the enemy on Nov. 7, 1900, at Komati River, when at a most critical moment, with only a handful of men, he held off the Boers, and thus allowed the British guns time to get clear away. Not one of the heroic band came off scathless. Some were killed, others wounded, and the rest were taken prisoners.

The Lieutenant himself was slightly wounded. Two others of the party have also received the decoration—Lieutenant Turner and Sergeant Holland, whose portrait we have already published.

Arabi Pasha has been set at liberty after eighteen years' exile in Ceylon. He has expressed the liveliest gratitude for this clemency, and says that he would come to England to thank the British Government if he had the means for the journey. There seems to be little trace of the sentiment which hailed Arabi as a hero and a martyr when he posed as the champion of Egyptian liberties.

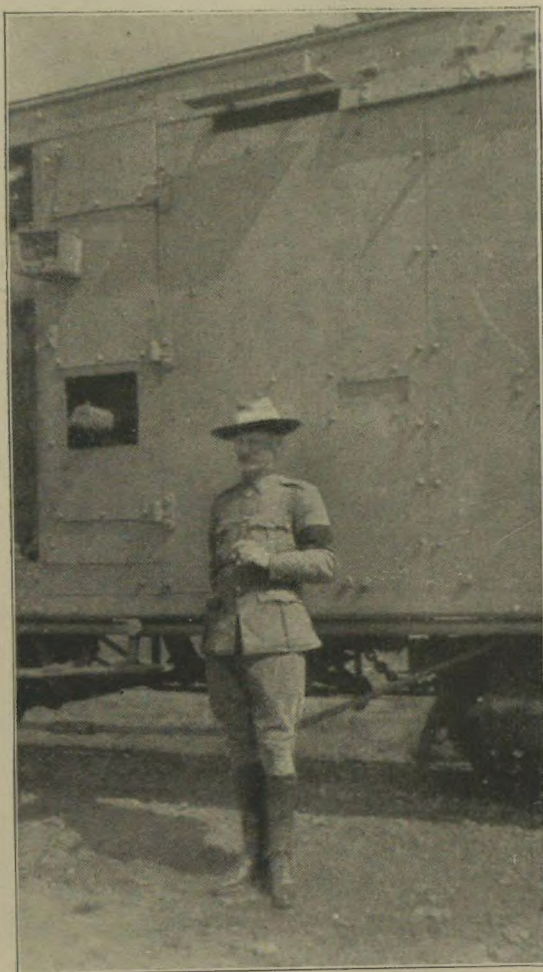
A brainless baker at Havre attempted to assault M. Waldeck-Rousseau by throwing a tomato at him. In some reports the missile figures as an egg and an orange. The brainless baker has explained that he intended it to be a harmless demonstration of his "contempt" for M. Waldeck-Rousseau's policy. A tomato is not as offensive as the daily outpourings of the Nationalist journals, from which brainless bakers derive their inspiration.

There has been a revolution in the office of the Paris *Figaro*. The manager, M. Perivier, effected a *coup-d'état* against the editor, M. Ferdinand de Rodays, and his staff. The printers were instructed to "compose" no articles except such as they received from M. Perivier. This move is designed to change the tone of the *Figaro* to please its clerical and military shareholders, who are incensed by its support of the Waldeck-Rousseau Ministry and its vindication of Dreyfus. The affair will probably engage the attention of the courts for some time.

Pierre Loti has written a gruesome account of the sufferings of the Chinese peasantry at the hands of the Allied troops. His story confirms the testimony of other eye-witnesses as to the extraordinary license permitted by some of the European commanders. No defence has been offered, and it does not appear as if any of the Governments that are chiefly responsible will even condescend to favour the world with an explanation.

The Rev. Judson Smith replies in the *North American Review* to Mark Twain's strictures on the American missionaries in China. He says that the missionaries collected fines solely for the benefit of the Chinese converts who had been grossly maltreated, and that this form of indemnity was approved by the American authorities and by Li-Hung-Chang. Without it a great number of refugees must have perished. Mr. Judson Smith invites Mark Twain to say what other course the missionaries could have adopted in the interests of humanity.

On May 17, the first anniversary of the relief of Mafeking, an untoward accident befell our troops in South Africa by the derailing by the Boers of the armoured train commanded by Major Heath. That officer is reported killed in the affair. Major Edward Kermode Heath was a Militia officer of long standing in the service,

THE LATE MAJOR HEATH AND HIS ARMOURD TRAIN,
BLOWN UP BY BOERS ON MAY 17.

and belonged to the 3rd Battalion South Lancashire Regiment (4th Royal Lancashire Militia). He was senior Captain of his battalion, but held the honorary rank of Major. He obtained his company some fourteen years ago, and belonged to the reserve of officers.

The Austrian courts have annulled the marriage of an Austrian gentleman of indiscreet years before a London registrar. He took the lady to make preliminary inquiries, and the registrar, who did not understand the bridegroom's English, thought the pair wanted to be married there and then. As the marriages of foreigners under age are notoriously easy to dissolve, it is a wonder that the lady in this case, herself a foreigner, essayed the experiment.

Everyone will regret to hear of the illness of Mr. Burdett Coutts, who is confined to bed in Stratton Street suffering from an attack of pleuritic inflammation. Mr. Burdett Coutts has taken on himself a vast amount of labour and anxiety in order to better the condition of other invalids, and this fact will win him all the more sympathy on the present occasion. Lady Burdett-Coutts, whose active interest in the welfare of the sick does not wane with the advance of years, is to open a bazaar next month in Lady Nottage's house in Collingham Road, South Kensington, in aid of the Oxygen Hospital for the Cure of Lupus and Kindred Diseases.

The annual report of the Sun Insurance Office shows that, after providing for the usual reserve of 40 per cent. of the premiums to cover liabilities under current policies, there remains a balance of £131,464 10s., which has been transferred to the credit of the profit-and-loss account. In January last an interim dividend was paid of 4s. per share, and a further dividend of 4s. 6d. per share, payable on July 10, has now been declared.

Mr. Rhodes and Lord Milner have no more uncompromising opponents of their policy than the members from Ireland; yet time was when a personal popularity belonged

to both the one and the other in that very section of Parliamentarians. Mr. Rhodes, as everyone knows, gave Mr. Parnell a cheque for £10,000 to forward the National movement. Lord Milner did not do that; but before the Irish Financial Commission he gave testimony which was calculated to raise the spirits of Dublin.

Mr. John Hodnett, a Brooklyn lawyer, claims to be the rightful heir to the British Crown. He calls himself "Duke of York, of the House of Lancaster," a nice derangement of titles which he proposes to explain to some tribunal in Paris. London, he says, he will not visit for fear of arrest. We should be glad to see him in the hot weather, when London is languishing for interesting topics, and especially for new lights on history.

The Rev. Prebendary Barlow, D.D., Vicar of Islington, has been appointed Dean of Peterborough. The appointment of an Evangelical Churchman to an important preferment is sufficiently rare to awaken the enthusiasm of that party, with whom Prebendary Barlow ranks as a leader. The Islington clerical meeting, convened by him in January, has grown into a formidable assembly of 700 or 800 clergy from all parts of the country. As Rural Dean of his district he has had much to do with Church patronage and with the foundation and endowment of new curacies. Dr. Barlow was formerly Scholar and Exhibitioner of St. John's College, Cambridge, where he took honours and carried off a Carus Greek Testament prize. In 1858 he was ordained to the curacy of St. James's, Bristol, becoming in due succession Vicar of St. Bartholomew's in that city, Rector of St. Ebbe's, Oxford, Principal of the Church Missionary Society's College at Islington, and Vicar of St. James's, Clapham. It is fourteen years since he returned to Islington as Vicar of St. Mary's.

The unfortunate accident to *Shamrock II.* will entail some weeks' delay in the refitting of the yacht for the voyage to America. Sir Thomas Lipton is entitled to the largest sympathy. There seems to be some feminine caprice in yachts, for the original *Shamrock* is proving a better boat than she was before, and has repeatedly defeated the new challenger.

Lord Roberts is still a postponer of public feastings. While the war is being waged in South Africa he is disinclined to appear at the banqueting board in England. At one time July was thought to be a date quite safe to name as that of a peace at last proclaimed. Now July is near and peace seems far. Consequently, the Commander-in-Chief has written to Dean Farrar to put off his promised visit to Canterbury. That city has therefore to wait a little longer for its Freeman. "I have determined," he says, "not to accept any honours which may be conferred upon me until the war in South Africa is ended."

Mr. J. M. Brydon, a Vice-President of the Royal Institute of British Architects, died on Saturday morning last week after a short and painful illness affecting the throat. Born in 1840 at Dunfermline, he went to Liverpool when he was sixteen to begin the career which was to bring him so much distinction. In Edinburgh and Glasgow also he prosecuted his studies before making London his centre. Visits to Italy confirmed him in his love of classic architecture. He had his opportunity when he restored the ancient Roman baths at Bath, where also, over a course of eight years, he built the Guildhall, the Art Gallery, the Technical Schools, and extensions to the Pump-room. Other public buildings of his, better known to Londoners, are the Women's Hospital in Euston Road, the Medical Schools in Hunter Street, and the Stone Hospital in Henrietta Street. But his great work is that which his death leaves incomplete—the erection of the offices of the Local Government Board and Education Department in Whitehall.

Henrik Ibsen is seriously ill, and a second stroke of apoplexy has excited grave misgivings. The great Norwegian dramatist is over seventy, and may be considered to have fully achieved his life work as one of the most original forces of European literature.

Mrs. McKinley's health has greatly improved, despite the fatigue she so courageously undertook in order to accompany the President in his important tour. No congratulations to Mr. McKinley on this relief from a grave anxiety can be heartier than those which have been sent from our side of the ocean.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.

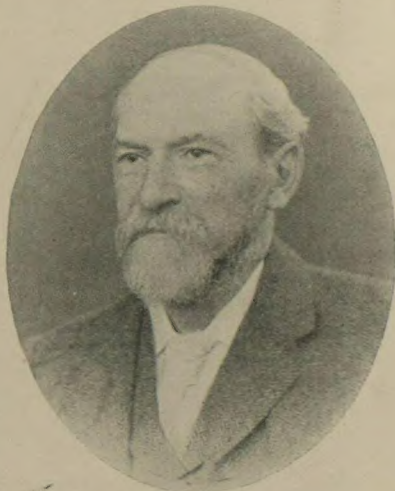
THE REV. PREBENDARY BARLOW,
New Dean of Peterborough.THE LATE MR. J. M. BRYDON,
Vice President of the Institute of Architects.

Photo. Yonke, Toronto.

LIEUTENANT H. Z. C. COCKBURN,
Awarded V.C. for Gallantry at Komati River.



AT THE TEMPLE FLOWER SHOW.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG.

Girls in Captivity.

THE MOST CLUB.

By BARRY PAIN.



Illustrated by A. Forestier.

MY name is Amy Fish, and I am intellectual. The Rev. James Dilwater said when he was taking us in Colossians that I had more ability and did less with it than any other girl in the school. Madame has said much the same thing. Also I won the English essay last year, though I don't go in for grammar much. And I invented the Most Club. That proves it.

The Most Club is the finest thing we had ever done. It is a tremendous success, and every girl in the school would like to join it. But that is impossible: to belong to the Club you have to be the most something or other of all the girls in the school. Our motto is: "Better to be most anything than middling everything." When a thing is made into a motto it becomes quite true, so that you have to believe in it. Else at one time I would just as soon have been middling pretty as most intellectual, especially at parties.

I started the Club with Anna Esthaven. She comes in as being the wickedest girl in the school. She looks like a little gipsy, and says she loves everything red. She has secret playing-cards, and brought back real cigarettes this term, though she has not smoked any yet. Her mother is Lady Esthaven, and when Madame is showing a visitor the school she generally refers to Lady Esthaven. It's first the electric light, and then Lady Esthaven, and then the cubicle system. Then Madame moves on to six acres of pleasure-grounds, and the swimming-bath, and the milk from the home farm. Greylands is a good school, and Madame likes to rub that into people.

Anna and I elected Cecily Carrone, Theodora Marchant,

and Jane Desborough. Cecily was elected as the most pious; she objected to that, but the books in her cubicle prove it, and she gets conduct reports that are simply screaming; besides, she looks just as if she had stepped out of a church window. Theo's the daughter of Marchant's Essential Cocoa, though she won't drink it, and she's the wealthiest girl in the school, and is always giving presents. Jane Desborough is the most beautiful girl in the school—or anywhere else, I should think. She has got long dark hair, and big grey eyes with the longest lashes you ever saw, and looks just perfect. She smells a little like violets and new bread mixed, which may be the soap she uses. She is not supposed to be very clever; but then one needn't be anything else when one is as pretty as that. After that we elected Harriet Pont, who is always called Harry, as being the most sportsmanlike girl in the school. She is a breezy kind of girl, but keeps up her authority, and doesn't stand any nonsense when she's captaining at cricket.

One of the first things we did was to get a room reserved for members of the Club at Mrs. Chingwell's, the confectioner's in the High Street, on Saturday afternoons. That is the only time we are allowed in the town without a governess, and even then we are not allowed to go into any street except the High Street, and no girl may go alone—she has to have another girl with her. And though you are nominally without a governess, there are generally two of them going up and down the street; so it's not so very wild, after all. All the tradesmen are Madame's devoted slaves, and Mrs. Chingwell wouldn't let us have

the room at the back of her shop until we had got Madame's leave. Theo and Harry were sure Madame would refuse, but I thought of a splendid way. We began by electing Madame patroness of the Club, as being the most in authority. I was absolutely certain that would scratch her behind the left ear and make her purr. Then we sent Cecily Carrone, our prize angel, to tell her, and ask if we could have the room. It worked like a charm. She said she was very pleased that we had thought of her, and that it had always been her aim to win our affections as much as to direct our conduct and guide our studies. We got that room all right, and there's a placard with "Members Only" on it put on the door every afternoon. Girls who are not members have to do their feeding in the shop, which is public and horrid.

The Club-room is very comfortable now; it looked rather shabby when it only had Mrs. Chingwell's furniture in it, but we have added a lot of things. Theo presented the Club with a writing-table, and we have our own note-paper with "The Most Club" stamped on it in gilt. Theo also gave a rug and an easy-chair. I suppose the profits on Essential Cocoa are pretty good; anyhow, Theo always has lots of money. I gave a blotter, which does not sound much, but cost more than you might think. Madame gave a very noble offering of a signed photograph of herself, just as if she had been a princess or an actress, or something of that kind. I suppose she thought we should get low-spirited if we did not have the sight of her dear sweet face always by us. We've hung it up, of course, because Madame might come into the room any



I read Laura's letter to the Club at tea that afternoon.

time, and if it were not there she would miss it. When any girl is having a bad time with Madame she takes that photograph out of the frame and writes a remark on the back. At least, that is what we used to do, but there is no more room for any further remarks on the back of the photograph now. Anna Esthaven used to put a new remark there every Saturday, and we all wrote something, except our prize angel, Cecily. We have two real pictures as well; one is "The Soul's Awakening," and came from Cecily, and the other, which was presented by Harry, is a picture of Persimmon in colours.

Naturally, members of the Club are much envied, and I don't know anything that makes one feel nicer than being envied. We do not tell the other girls much about the Club, but we sometimes talk about it to each other when other girls are there and listening; then we say things they can't understand, and they go nearly mad with curiosity. That is rather pleasant, too. And we've worked up the thing so much that any girl would give anything to be a member. And the keenest of them all was certainly Laura Dobbs.

There were some rather nice points about Laura, but she's too cheeky, and we thought her too young for club-life. Besides, she was not most anything; we liked her pretty well, but we did not think she ought to be made a member for some time to come, and it was quite certain she would have to be most something or other first.

Laura was very cunning. She knew that she could not get anything about the Club out of Theo, or Anna, or me. She could not talk to Harry because Harry was mad with her for slacking at cricket practice. And she did not know Jane Desborough well enough, besides being rather frightened of her. So she tackled Cecily; Cecily cannot bear being at all severe or superior with anybody.

"Look here, Cecily," she said. "I want to ask you something. Suppose at any time I happen to want to be a member of the Most Club, what should I have to do first?"

"First of all, I expect, you would have to be the most something-or-other girl in the school. But you had better ask one of the others. I'm not a very important member; I believe I was only elected by a mistake."

"Everybody knows you really did deserve to be elected. And what ought I to do next? Should I write to the secretary and say I was ready to be made a member?"

"I don't really know. But wouldn't it be better to wait, and see if you were chosen without that?"

"I might wait first, and then if nothing happened I might write that letter. You see, I might go in for being the most generous girl in the school, and out of modesty do all my generosity secretly. Then if I didn't write, the Club wouldn't know I was ready to be elected. Thanks awfully for telling me."

Laura did not wait long before getting to work. She went in for being the most amusing girl in the school, and she became just too sickening for words. There were some nice points about Laura, as I have said, but she was not naturally any more amusing than anybody else. She took a lot of pains about it too: she bought books and papers with jokes in them, and tried to learn them by heart. Then she would come up and interrupt you when you were talking to some other girl, and ask you a riddle you had heard scores of times before, or try to tell you a story and forget the end of it. She did not get very much encouragement. Then one day she tried a witty retort on Miss Slater; it was one that Laura had made herself. Miss Slater said that imbecility was only what she expected, but she was not prepared to put up with impertinence or vulgarity. Then she sent Laura out of the room, and stopped her from going into the town next Saturday afternoon. After that, Laura seemed to get tired of being amusing, and became just like herself again.

But she had not given up the idea of being a member of the Most Club. She was always hanging on to members of the Club, and saying sweet things to them, and trying to be obliging. She was also working hard at a new qualification. We none of us knew what it was, and as long as she gave up being amusing, we did not much care. All we noticed was that she seemed to be getting into a perfectly endless series of rows. As a matter of fact, she was now going in for being the most unpunctual girl in the school. And at that time I believe she really was. One night I found in my cubicle a letter from her addressed to the Hon. Sec. of the Most Club. She generally calls me Amy, of course, but not in a formal letter of this kind. It said—

Dear Miss Fish,—I beg herewith to offer myself to be a member of your Most Club, because I'm the most unpunctual girl in the school; and Madame herself said so; and I enclose a true list of my times this last week, and I can prove any of them if you don't believe me, and I've got witnesses; and will you let me know about it as soon as you can? With love and compliments.—Affectionately yours, LAURA DOBBS.

That was on a Friday night. Next morning, while we were with Miss Frobisham—which is always an easy time—I wrote my reply. It was rather cold, but dignified, and with the proper language. However, here it is—

The Hon. Sec. of the Most Club presents her compliments to Miss Dobbs, and will submit her application to the Club at

the next meeting. Miss Dobbs will be made acquainted with the decision of the Club in due course.

I found Laura Dobbs after school, and gave her the letter myself. "That's my reply as hon. sec.," I said. "And I don't mind telling you, speaking as a girl, that I think you've got a pretty good cheek."

"Well," she said, "I really am the most unpunctual girl in the school, and you call it the Most Club, and I asked Cecily about it. So if I'm not elected it will be sneaky and unfair." Then she seemed rather sorry she had said it, and tried to tone it down a little. She said none of the members that she knew could possibly do anything unfair, because they were too honourable. And there was some more flattery, and I changed the subject. I could see she was dying to ask me if I was going to vote for her, but she hadn't quite cheek enough for that.

I read Laura's letter to the Club at tea that afternoon, and we talked it over. I said that Laura might be the most unpunctual girl in the school, but that it was not a thing we could elect her for, because anybody could do it. It was not like being the most intellectual, or the most beautiful, or the most wealthy. If we elected her for that, we should soon have to elect pretty well every other girl in the school as well; and then the room would be too crowded and it would be no fun.

Harry said she was not going to vote for anybody who treated cricket as if it were only a game; and it was especially bad in Laura, because she played beautifully straight, and kept the ball well down, and might be clinking.

Cecily said it was not right to encourage unpunctuality, but she would vote for Laura if she would promise to give up the unpunctuality afterwards, because otherwise it would be such a disappointment to her. Cecily doesn't say this kind of thing to show off. She's naturally angelic, and can't help it.

Jane Desborough, looking very sad and poetic, said that Laura's letter was all tommy-rot. Theo agreed with her, as she always does; Theo is rather by way of worshipping Jane Desborough. So Laura's chances did not look particularly hopeful.

Then Anna Esthaven said gently and seriously that she did not think we ought to be in too much of a hurry. It would be better to wait for a fortnight and look into Laura's claim a little, and then we could have the election. Now when Anna is particularly gentle and serious she has always got some specially demoniacal idea in her head, as we all knew.

"You won't do anything awful?" asked Cecily nervously.

Anna Esthaven seemed to think this over. "I've done awfuller in my time," she said.

And that was how we finally settled it, though Cecily was a good deal doubtful about it. Laura Dobbs was hanging about in the street when we went back to Greylands, expecting, I suppose, that we should tell her that she was elected or not elected. We had not decided what to tell her, and so we did not say anything about it, and she was evidently puzzled.

We don't do any work on Saturday evenings, but I was taken with a fit of virtue and went and practised in the music-room. I had it all to myself at first, but presently in came Laura Dobbs, and said she wished she could play like that, and might she stop and listen for a little. Now I wasn't playing a thing that even pretended to be a tune; it was a kind of an exercise with dollops of arpeggios in it at regular intervals; and those dollops of arpeggios beat me twice out of every three times. So I thought to myself that she must want to be elected pretty badly to talk in that way. Then she offered me some chocolates, and I refused them. But I did it politely, because it is rather nice to be flattered even when you don't believe a word of it. I said I'd been eating too much all the afternoon (which was true), and that I was sorry, and many thanks, but I couldn't. And then she suddenly blurted out, "Oh, can't you tell me what happened at the Most Club this afternoon, when you showed them my letter?"

"Well," I said, "nothing much happened. Besides, I don't know if I ought."

"I'd do anything for you if you'd tell me. I'm sure it would be all right. I would have asked Cecily, only Miss Slater has carried her off to play chess with her. I wouldn't have bothered her if I could have helped it; only even if I've not got in I would sooner know at once."

She was so humble and seemed so sorrowful that I was tempted to tell her a little, even without consulting the other members. "It's to be decided next Saturday week. You see, it's rather an important thing, and we can't just hurry it through anyhow. Now, don't ask me any more, because I can't tell you another word."

"Thanks awfully," she said. "That means that I've got to keep up the unpunctuality for another fortnight." She didn't seem very happy about it, and I daren't tell her anything to make her more hopeful, because I knew that she had got no chance. She listened to a little more of my practising, for the look of the thing, I suppose, though it must have afflicted her sorely; and then she went off.

Anna Esthaven had never told us what she was going to do exactly, and would only say that she was going to

investigate Laura's claims. But I had made a guess, and it turned out that I was quite right. On Sunday mornings we have prayers half an hour later, at half-past eight; prayers last about five minutes, and breakfast comes directly afterwards. Laura Dobbs was late for prayers, but Anna did not come down till breakfast was half over. Then Laura guessed it too: it was to be a kind of competition between her and Anna as to which was really the most unpunctual. It was hardly a fair game, because Laura had such a bad record for unpunctuality already, in her attempt to qualify herself for the Most Club, that she dared not do much more; while Anna was starting with a clean slate—at least, as clean as Anna's slate ever is. But for a few days the struggle was tremendously exciting; at one time I had begun to think that Laura would win, and that both of them would be expelled. Certainly, she played up splendidly. Both of them seemed to care not one solitary pin about punishments or threats. But at last Anna put in some performances that Laura could not hope to equal. For instance, Anna practically invented being late for dinner, which had never been done by any girl before. Madame was furious, and Anna made some mad kind of excuse about reading history and not noticing how the time went. Of course I laughed, and Madame sent me out of the room; and in the afternoon, when I was practically starved, I was expected to talk German to Fräulein, which I refused to do. That meant another row for me, of course. Really nothing else was talked about in the school but the unpunctuality competition between Laura and Anna. Everyone was eager to get the very latest news of it, and lots of girls made bets of far more chocolates than they could afford on the result.

But in spite of the excitement, those were perfectly awful days. Poor old Miss Slater went about wringing her hands, and saying that it was the beginning of the end, which is rather a favourite remark of hers. There were rows innumerable; for as Anna and Laura were almost always late, every class started with the governess in a temper that a rabid dog would have been ashamed of. Madame was deadly calm, and looked terribly dangerous. It seemed to me that the thing was going past a joke altogether. Some girls felt sure that Madame would find out what was the reason of it all, and stop the Most Club altogether. I had some fears of that myself, only I did not see how Madame was to find out.

However, the thing came to an end at last. It seems that Madame wrote a letter to Laura's mother all about Laura's awful behaviour, and saying that she would not be able to keep her unless there was a marked improvement. As bad luck would have it, Laura's mother happened to be ill at the time, and this letter made her worse. So it was her father who wrote to Laura in consequence. Laura got the letter on Wednesday morning at breakfast. She read it through, and then took a sip of tea and didn't hear what the girl next to her was saying. She began to read it again, but couldn't get through it; she hadn't read the first page before her mouth twisted up and she started crying. She got up and slipped out of the room at once, with Miss Frobisham (who is rather a good sort) after her to see what was the matter.

I never saw that letter, of course. But Laura's father's in politics, and I daresay that has got him into the habit of putting things a lot more strongly than he need. I am glad to say that my father is scientific, and hates exaggeration. Anyhow, that letter finished Laura. All the rest of the week she was dead punctual for everything, and did extra work out of hours. Also she was very low-spirited, and one noticed that a good deal, because she is generally so cheeky. She never said another word about the Most Club, though I gave her two or three chances to ask me questions. Anna Esthaven put in one or two good performances to wind up with; and then as she had won, she also gave it up and became as punctual as ever she is. At her very best she is not more than fair-to-middling punctual.

Well, we had done what we wanted; we had spoiled Laura's chance of being elected as the most unpunctual girl in the school. But we had also done a lot of things that we had never meant to do. Rows at school are very well as long as they are kept at school. We had never counted on Madame writing that sneaking letter, and Laura's mother being ill, and her father coming down on her so heavily. So as soon as we had got what we wanted we didn't want it any more. We didn't say anything about it to each other, but we were all of us wonderfully civil to Laura.

On Saturday, when the Club met, Anna Esthaven got up and said: "Laura can't be elected as the most unpunctual girl in the school, because I am; but I propose that she is elected all the same, and that we find some other reason for it." It's just possible that Cecily had been getting at Anna to make her say that; but I'm inclined to think it was Anna's own idea. She's an awfully good sort for a girl, as bad as she is.

Anyhow, she said what we were all thinking, and we elected Laura straight away without discussing it at all. Then we had to find some reason for her election; and Harry said that it was quite true that she was the most promising bat in the school, and if we elected her for that,

it might make her attend to practice better. So I wrote the following letter on the Club notepaper—

Dear Miss Dobbs,—I am directed to inform you that you have this day been elected a member of the Most Club on the ground that you are the most promising bat in the school. And I beg to be permitted to offer you my congratulations.—
Faithfully yours,
AMY FISH (Hon. Sec.).

Cecily said that if I did not want to take the letter at once she would take it for me, and it would be no trouble, and she would just as soon. Anna and Theo said much the same thing. But I said that I didn't mind, and I should be able to find her soonest. I felt sure she would not have come into the town that afternoon, and I was right. She was up at the house, and had hidden herself away in the shrubbery. There she sat doing geography of her own accord (which shows the state of mind she had been brought to,) and she said she had not been crying. Then she asked me what I wanted, and I gave her the letter. She said she didn't want to read it, and she knew what was in it, and she had never expected anything else.

"Well," I said, "I'll bet you you don't know what's in it."

She looked at me in a suspicious kind of way, and then tore the letter open quickly and read it. And the next minute she was kissing me, which is a thing I never did care much about.

I took her back with me into Mrs. Chingwell's shop and through into the Club-room, which showed all the girls in the shop that she had been elected and must have made some of them frightfully jealous. She was trying hard not to grin with joy. Then first we congratulated her and drank her health in cocoa, and made a lot of fuss with her; and then we showed her the rules and explained to her all about the Club. It was funny the way that we had all of us changed our minds about Laura, and without any special reason that I can see.

Since becoming a member of the Club she has improved immensely. And everything's all right at her home again; so she's quite happy. She presented the Club with two vases. By the way, I ought to have mentioned that the blotter which I gave her had silver corners to it, hall-marked. It was far from being a cheap blotter.

THE END.

Whatever success may attend the claim to Christ's Hospital preferred by the owners of St. Bartholomew's, Smithfield, there can be but little doubt that the spirit of their action would have been entirely approved by Rahere, minstrel to Henry I., the founder of the hospital. Rahere was a Norman monk, and is referred to by Stow as "a pleasant witted gentleman and, therefore, in his time called the King's minstrel." His hospital at its foundation in 1102 was by no means a rich institution. There were indeed only two wards, the men's and the women's, but the elementary precaution of isolation in infectious cases had still to be discovered. Funds for maintenance were so inadequate that every morning the master of the hospital repaired to the butchers' stalls at Newgate to beg meat for the patients. The early staff of the hospital included a master, eight brethren, and four sisters, and the monastic rule of St. Austin was observed by the body. It cannot now be ascertained precisely when the medical school was established, but records of 1662 show that the medical and surgical practice was open to students.

RECENT POETRY.

In spite of war and rumours of war, there seems little abatement in the flow of verse, original or reissued. Of the great tidal wave which mounts to the reviewer's feet, however, fairly half is negligible from any literary standpoint. Among the remainder we may take first the reissue of poets with a reputation already established, since they can be dealt with in the fewest words. Of these, we heartily welcome a popular edition of the "Sonnets and Songs of Sir Philip Sidney," at 7s. 6d. net. The title-page is a curiosity in coincidence. Not only does the editor bear the name of Philip Sidney, but the publisher has the title of Thomas Burleigh, and his establishment at Cecil Court—a singular inter-relation

text in what would otherwise be an edition worthy of all recommendation.

Not quite in the same category is Mr. J. M. Morrison's translation of Leopardi's "Poems" (London: Gay and Bird). Metrical translations are seldom satisfactory; and this may be said of any language, without disparaging reference (such as Mr. Morrison makes) to the "plasticity" of our tongue. It is astonishing that Englishmen should still write apologetically about the "plasticity" of a language which has produced ineffably the greatest and most luxuriant poetic literature of the world, outside the Hebrew Bible. Even in translation it has done great things, from tongues so diverse as Italian, French, and German. Mr. Morrison does not touch the high-water mark of Fairfax and Rossetti; he is nearer to Cary (the wantonly despised); but his translation is distinctly above the average. It errs, if anything, on the side of literality; though occasionally it might have been closer with advantage. But he has a very fair sense of literary quality—compared with the generality of metrical translators, we might almost say a distinguished sense. His version certainly supplies a want: we needed a rendering of Italy's greatest modern poet, winged Schopenhauer as he is. The brief memoir given by Mr. Morrison is quite sufficient to explain the tone of his poetry.

To the more numerous class (how swarmingly numerous only reviewers, editors, and booksellers know!) of original poetry belongs Mr. W. B. Yeats's new volume, "The Shadowy Waters" (Hodder and Stoughton). Better than this Mr. Yeats has done: for it is but slight work, and he never for more than the briefest and most occasional passage rises to his highest lyrical strain; but the accustomed mastery is there. It is a little poem in dramatic form of but one scene, like his "Land of Heart's Delight," with even less of dramatic substance than that. It deals with his favourite Celtic legends, with the favourite element of the supernatural, and has all that atmosphere of dim enchantment which he alone at the present day can master.

Challenging comparison, for it treats just such an episode in Irish legend as Mr. Yeats has identified with himself, is Mr. Herbert Trench's "Deirdre Wed" (Methuen and Co.). This new poet, however, has distinct claims of his own. Very different from Mr. Yeats, there is nothing dreamy or

mystical about his work, no atmosphere of elusive and haunting remoteness. What it lacks in magic it gains in strong and vivid pictures, couched in a rich and classical diction, with great condensation of phrase, and sometimes bold imagery—

Since for many moons
This champion had forsworn the face of softness
And stretch'd his hungers to the sleety rock,
Call in the smiles of women to unlatch
From his grim ribs the iron.

This shows Mr. Trench's masculine and well-knit diction; but no extract would fairly represent the spirit of the poem as a whole. It has an imaginative power which gives it undoubted mark as a first work. We could wish it were not so much of an idle tale—a poetic exercise—for evidently the author has no care for the legends but as objectless dreams.

F. T.



There she sat, doing geography of her own accord.

of courtly Elizabethan names. The edition is simply a reprint of "Astrophel and Stella," with modernised spelling; except that the songs are disentangled from the sonnets, and placed by themselves at the end. Besides a workmanlike preface there are some appended notes on subjects connected with Sidney or his poems, and some very welcome portraits, including (besides Sidney and his father) two of his sister, the famous Lady Pembroke—"Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother." Of that illustrious lady many a reader must have desired to see a portrait. But modernisation of spelling is no such simple matter as it looks, and we love not Mr. Sidney's modernisation in this book. "That dost thy heav'n's joy inherit" is inadmissible, for the metre depends on "heaven's" being a disyllable.

In Mars' livery prancing in the press
should be "In Mars's livery," or again the metre halts. Altogether, we feel no adequate security about the



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"EVEN AS A LOVELY FLOWER, SO FAIR, SO PURE, THOU ART" (DU BIST WIE EINE BLUME).—HEINE.

FROM THE PAINTING BY SCHMID.

THE BATH AND WEST AND SOUTHERN COUNTIES AGRICULTURAL SHOW AT CROYDON.

DRAWN BY HOLLAND TRINGHAM.



1. THE ENTRANCE TO THE PAVILION AND GROUNDS.

2. BULLS.

3. JUMPING.

4. MACHINERY-SHEDS.

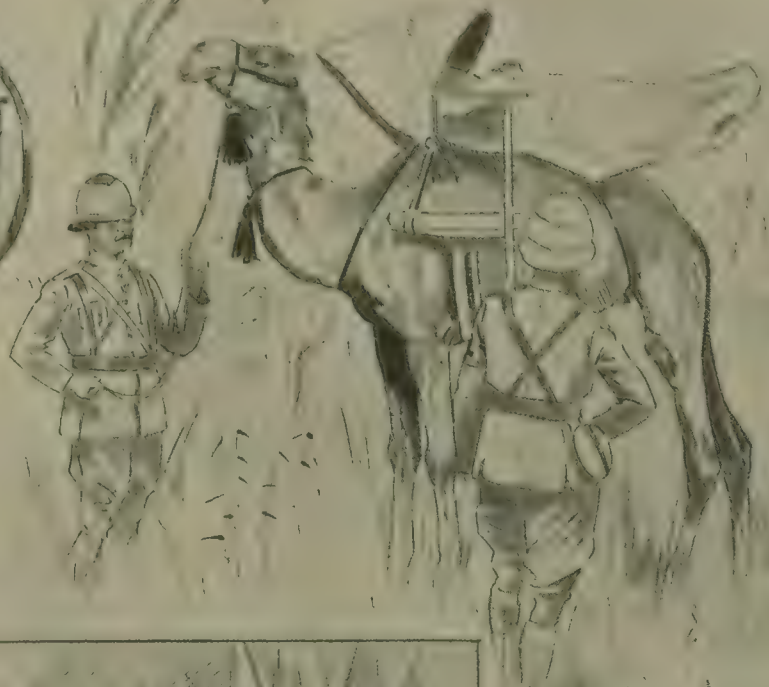
5. GENERAL VIEW OF THE SHOW-YARD

GUNS ANCIENT & MODERN



VEUGLAIRE OR SERPENTINE GUN

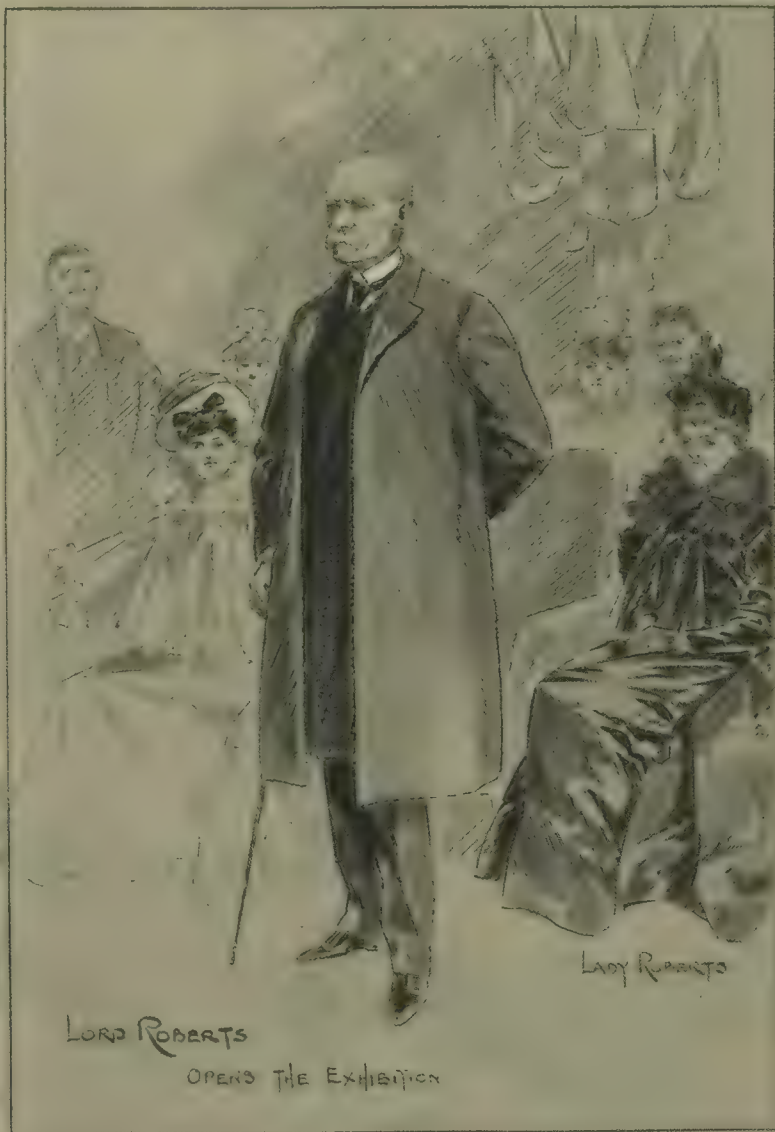
AS USED AT THE BATTLE OF BOSWORTH 1485



METHOD OF TRANSPORTING WOUNDED ON CAMEL BACK



MAXIM



LORD ROBERTS OPENS THE EXHIBITION

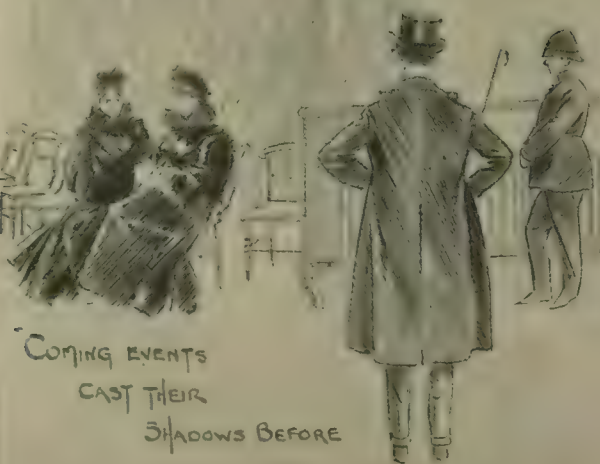
LADY ROBERTS



PREFECT OF CRISIS



RELICS OF WATERLOO



COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE



THE NEW STYLE OF LADY ROBERTS UNVEILED BY LADY ROBERTS

LORD ROBERTS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

Thursday, May 23, saw the opening, by Lord Roberts, of the Naval and Military Exhibition at the Crystal Palace. At the main entrance, where a guard of honour of the 3rd London Rifle Volunteers was stationed, the Commander-in-Chief and Lady Roberts were received by the chairman and other members of the Palace directorate. Lady Roberts was presented with a bouquet, and the company passed by way of the Pompeian Court and the Naval Section to the Nave. Lady Roberts there unveiled the bronze equestrian statue of her husband, and the act was greeted with hearty applause by the spectators. The visitors then moved to the dais in the Central Transept, where the opening ceremony proper was conducted. Admiral G. Digby Morant, chairman of the executive committee, delivered a short address, and Lord Roberts then declared the Exhibition open.

In the course of his speech, Lord Roberts referred to the great importance of the Exhibition, and its special significance in that it marked the jubilee of the Crystal Palace and consequently of the Great Exhibition of 1851. That Exhibition, he continued, would always be fixed in his memory from the fact that within its glass walls he saw for the first and only time in his life the Duke of Wellington. That was just a few months before Lord Roberts started for India, and it was just one year before the Duke died. He considered that the directors of the Crystal Palace could not have chosen a more proper way in which to celebrate the jubilee of the

Exhibition than by organising the magnificent collection illustrative of our naval and military power which they saw around them. It coincided well with the sentiment of the people of the Empire at the present moment.

The directors of the company had in a very practical way shown their sympathy with the national sentiment, for they had allotted a large number of season tickets to be sold for the benefit of the Soldiers and Sailors' Families Association. Influential committees are furthering the work.

crowds, Lord and Lady Roberts walked as far as the front entrance before entering the vehicle.

AMERICAN CREW FOR HENLEY.

The friendly rivalry between English and American oarsmen, which has produced exciting contests at Henley in former years, is to suffer no diminution at the first Henley meeting of the new century. From the Pennsylvania University we are to welcome a crew that has already much achievement to its credit.



Photo. United News, Ltd., New York.

THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA CREW, WHICH WILL COMPETE AT HENLEY THIS SUMMER.

The names, reading from left to right, are: Eisenbrey, 2; Zane, bow; W. Gardiner, 7; Ellis Ward, coach; J. Gardiner, stroke; Kuhnminch, 3; Flickwir, captain; Crowther, 5; Smith, coxswain; Allyn, 6.



Photo. United News, Ltd., New York.

THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA HENLEY AND POUGHKEEPSIE CREWS.



COLONIAL VALOUR IN SOUTH AFRICA: CHARGE OF THE BUSHMEN AND NEW ZEALANDERS UPON THE BOER GUNS DURING THE ATTACK ON BABINGTON'S CONVOY NEAR KLERKSDORP, MARCH 24.

DRAWN BY R. COTTON WOODVILLE.

The Colonials, though outnumbered, went at the enemy headlong, riding with loose rein and firing as they went. They gave the Boers no time to think, and succeeded in capturing two 15-pounders, six Maxims, one Pom-pom, and 15,000 rounds of ammunition.



RUSSIA'S "LITTLE FATHER" AND HIS SOLDIERS

· A DAY IN THE CZAR'S LIFE ·



THE ROYAL PALACE AT TSARSKOE SELO.

THE CZAR AND HIS STAFF.

"THE CZAR COMES!"

COLOURS OF THE 2ND IMPERIAL RIFLES.

FESTIVAL CELEBRATION OF THREE REGIMENTS BEFORE THE CZAR AT TSARSKOE SELO:
HIS MAJESTY RECEIVING THE COMMANDANT-GENERAL'S REPORT.

The etching, by Peter the Great, reproduced in the border, represents Christianity triumphing over Islam.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BULLA, ST. PETERSBURG.



THE NEW PREMISES OF LIVINGSTONE COLLEGE AT LEYTON, OPENED BY THE EXPLORER'S DAUGHTER ON MAY 23.

THE LIVINGSTONE MEMORIAL.

At the opening ceremony of the new premises of Livingstone College at Leyton by Mrs. Bruce, Dr. Livingstone's elder daughter, accompanied by her sister, Mrs. Wilson, and by Mrs. Oswald Livingstone, the Principal, Dr. Harford-Battersby, stated that the college had been founded in 1893 by a small body of medical men, two of whom had just returned from Central Africa, who were deeply impressed with the need of providing elementary training in medicine and surgery for missionaries who are called to labour in isolated posts far from qualified medical

aid. In October 1893, when the first session began, the college premises were situated in Bow Road, and after several moves, steps were taken a year ago to secure the beautiful property at Leyton which is now known as Livingstone College. The Principal then referred to the contributions, amounting in all to £4600, and stated that about £3600 was still required.

A BOMBAY HEALTH-CAMP.

Owing to the annual recurrence of plague in Bombay between the months of November and May, a large portion

of the population, abandoning their homes, encamp on non-affected areas in the outskirts of the city, where they live in sheds built of bamboos and palm-leaves. The health-camps are under municipal control and supervision. This year, for the first time, the camps at the Kennedy sea-face were personally inspected by his Excellency Lord Northcote. Our photograph was taken on the occasion of the visit of her Excellency Lady Northcote to the ladies of the Portuguese and Prabhu Pathare camps. The camp marks a curious departure in Indian economics, in which sanitary laws have hitherto been too little observed.



Photo. J. Godinho

VISIT OF LADY NORTHCOTE TO THE PORTUGUESE HEALTH-CAMP AT BOMBAY.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

Whenever I see a skilfully constructed farce of the "Palais Royal" and "Nouveautés" type in Paris, the wonderful dovetailing of apparently impossible accidents, incidents, and epistles causes me no surprise. To be thoroughly correct, I should say it causes me less surprise than if I were to see a similar production elsewhere. The fact is, for the greater number of months in every year life in the French capital is indeed a huge farce, each section of society vying with all the others in enacting the most comic complications. Of course, every now and again the laughter-compelling imbrolios come to a sudden standstill, and Tragedy, in her most revengeful and terrible mood, stalks to the front and claims her share of public attention—and, what is more, gets it, not only from those who live within the fortifications of modern Lutetia, but from every reading and thinking being throughout the civilised world. These intervals of intense excitement are, however, few and far between, and even while they last, Comedy and Farce do not slink away crestfallen—in virtue of their occupation being gone—but stand by, watching for an opportunity to elbow their way in. But whether the tragic or the comic be predominant, life in Paris rarely drops to the level of uneventful dullness which is the normal record in other capitals.

The good playwright, then, has only to pick and choose, and, however extravagant his choice, he stands little risk of being taxed with exaggeration. Naturally, he must possess the sense of proportion and also the deftness of the worker in mosaic; but the latter quality is practically the natural inheritance of fairly educated Frenchmen, and which, when possessed by the natives of other lands, is called tact. Heine said "All Frenchmen are actors; the worst are generally on the stage." He might have added, "Most Frenchmen, especially Parisians by birth or by adoption, produce plays in real life; they are only revised by those who work for the mimic stage." At the moment of writing, the Comte de Lur-Saluces is drawing roars of laughter from nearly all classes of the community, with the slight exception of the comparatively small number of Senators and Deputies whom he has singled out as his victims, and who, in the political farce he has concocted, are cutting as sorry a figure as the traditional policeman in the traditional harlequinade of a Christmas pantomime. M. de Lur-Saluces was, and is still, accused of being implicated in the plot for overthrowing the Third Republic on the day of President Faure's funeral. The reader may remember how it ended. There was the fiasco of M. Paul Déroulède, who could not persuade General Roget to march to the Elysée-Bourbon to arrest the newly elected successor of the dead Magistrate. There was the trial by the Senate and Chamber of Deputies (constituted as a High Court) of the principal ringleader, and M. André Buffet and M. Jules Guérin, of "Fort Chabrol" fame. M. Déroulède and M. Buffet were sentenced to exile; the wonderful Guérin is in prison; a great many others were acquitted. M. de Lur-Saluces, instead of standing his trial with the rest, flitted across the frontier into Belgium, and was condemned "in contumaciam," which verdict enables the condemned man to claim a fresh hearing when presenting himself to "purge his contumacy."

When everything connected with the whole of the affair had pretty well been forgotten, except by a very few, the Count reappears, gives M. Fallières, the President of the Senate, notice of his presence, and calmly awaits arrest. Both the Senate and the Lower Chamber were, however, sincerely glad at the time to terminate the whole of the proceedings, and are not at all anxious to have a revival of the same; and in consequence have left M. de Lur-Saluces unmolested, save for sending an official to his residence to satisfy themselves as to his identity. This attempt on the part of the Government "to let bygones be bygones" does, however, not suit the Royalists and Anti-Republicans in general; hence the Government is in the position of the Irish private in the Crimea who, when on outpost duty one dark night, "caught a prowler of the enemy." His comrades heard a scuffle, and the sergeant cried out: "What is it, Maloney?" "Faith, sergeant, I've caught a prisoner," was the answer. "Bring him along then," sounded the order. "He won't come, sergeant." "Then let him go." "Begorra, he won't let me go."

That virtually is the position of the French Government with regard to M. de Lur-Saluces, and everybody is making merry over it. It has been the principal comic play of the last fortnight. The main intrigue—read, plot—is, however, scarcely strong enough to command undivided attention for long, and as a consequence, side issues had to be invented—not a difficult thing to accomplish in Paris. People are asking themselves what the detectives, gendarmes, and Custom officers, all of whom had a full description of the Count, could have been about to let him recross the frontier, for, curiously enough, the instructions to all those functionaries were not to entrap him, but to keep him away from the trap. That they did not succeed is manifest, by the fact of M. de Lur-Saluces having signalled his own presence in Paris. And again, naturally, people are asking themselves how he managed to elude the vigilance of the frontier-watchers. The speculations to that effect have already borne fruit. The other day a well-dressed individual presented himself at the Palais-Bourbon and begged one of the ushers for an interview with M. Waldeck-Rousseau. The functionary temporised, and was told by the applicant that he was the inventor of a marvellous balloon by which M. de Lur-Saluces had crossed from Belgium into France. The man was "as mad as a March hare"; and it has since then been ascertained that the pondering of the means by which M. de Lur-Saluces accomplished the feat of giving the detectives the slip had aggravated the incipient lunacy. I was not far wrong in my contention that French life is, as a rule, a huge farce, in which all classes take a share—unless the life become a tragedy, which happily is not the case just now.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

A B C (Hampstead).—Thanks for your sympathy with our views.
BUCHER (Aix-la-Chapelle).—"Chess Openings, Ancient and Modern," price 6s. Apply to Mr. J. M. Brown, chess editor of the *British Chess Magazine*, Cross Park Street, Leeds.
F W GILMAN.—Look again at No. 2976, and you will readily discover your error.
IRVING A CHAPIN.—Both problems shall appear. The one with Queen at R 4th is good.
N M GIBBONS and W A CLARK.—Problems marked for insertion.
F JAMES.—The solution you send of No. 2976 will not answer, hence the omission of your name.
F W W (Stammore).—(1) The game you send seems wrongly copied; at least, we cannot play the moves as written down. (2) Any work on the game will contain the matter you require.
CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2971 received from Banarsi Das (Moradabad); of Nos. 2972 and 2973 from Richard Burke (Teldeniya, Ceylon) and Banarsi Das (Moradabad); of No. 2975 from Van Setten (Wirdum, Holland); of No. 2976 from A G Bagot (Dublin); of No. 2977 from C E H (Clifton), Alpha, Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), A G Bagot, J W (Campsie), Frank Shrubsole (Faversham), and Albert Wolf (Putney).
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2978 received from Frank Clarke (Bingham), Henry A Donovan (Listowel), A G Bagot (Dublin), C E H (Clifton), C E Perugini, F W W (Stammore), F J S (Hampstead), E J Winter Wood, J A S Hanbury (Birmingham), Edith Corser (Reigate), (Campsie), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), Edith Corser (Reigate), F James, Dr. Tidswell (Morecambe), F H Marsh (Bridport), Edith Winter (Croydon), R Worters (Canterbury), W A Lillico (Edinburgh), W d'A Barnard (Uppingham), Shadforth, J D Tucker (Ilkley), Joseph Wilcock (Chester), Sorrento, Alpha, F W Moore (Brighton), and Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth).

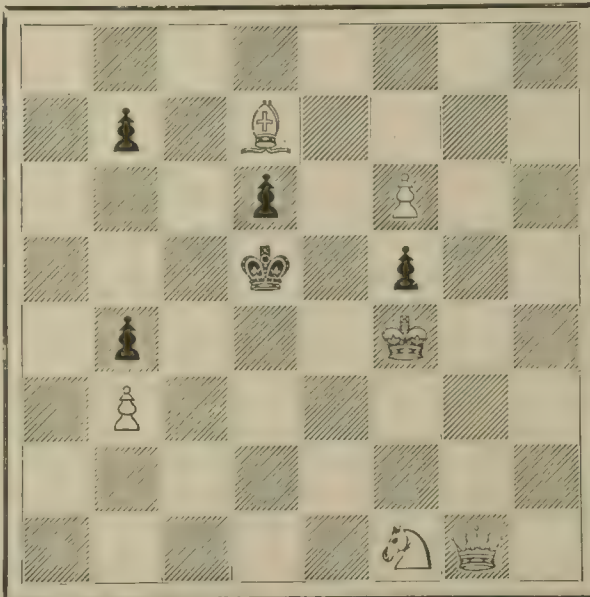
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2977.—By H. WHITTEN

WHITE. BLACK.
1. R to R 4th R takes R
2. Q to B 7th (ch) K takes either Kt
3. Q or B mates.

If Black play 1. Any move, 2. Kt to K 7th (ch), and 3. Q mates.

PROBLEM No. 2980.—By C. B. WITHERLE.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played in New York between Messrs. P. RICHARDSON and E. LASKER.

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. R.)	BLACK (Mr. L.)	WHITE (Mr. R.)	BLACK (Mr. L.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	19. Q to K 4th	Q takes P
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	20. Inviting Kt takes P, when R to Q B sq would win.	Q R to Q sq
3. B to Kt 5th	B to K 2nd	21. R to K sq	Q to Q 5th
4. Castles	P takes P	22. B to B 4th	Q to Q 2nd
5. P to Q 4th	Kt takes P	23. Q to K 2nd	Kt to Q 5th
6. P to K 5th	Kt to B 5th	24. R to B 5th	P to Q Kt 4th
7. R to K sq	Kt to B 4th	25. Q to B 4th	Q to Kt 5th
8. Kt takes P	Kt takes Kt	26. Q to Q 3rd	Kt to K 3rd
9. Q takes Kt	Castles	27. B to Q 2nd	R takes R
10. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	28. R to Q 5th	R to Kt sq
11. Q to Q sq	P to Q 3rd	29. Q takes R	Q to Kt 3rd
By this means Black appears to force a somewhat open game, which is a difficult thing for the second player to obtain in the early part of this opening.		30. P to K R 3rd	P to K R 4th
12. Kt to Q 5th	P takes P	31. R to K 4th	R to Q sq
13. Kt takes B (ch)	Q takes Kt	32. B to K 3rd	P to R 3rd
14. R takes P	Q to B 3rd	33. Q to K 5th	R to Q 3rd
15. Q to K sq	Kt to Q 5th	34. K to R 2nd	Q to K B 3 d
16. B to Q 3rd	B to B 4th	35. R to K R 4th	P to Q 4th
17. B takes B	Kt takes B	36. Q to B 3rd	R takes R
18. B to Q 2nd	Kt to Q 5th	37. Q to Kt 3rd	K to Kt 2nd
This endgame is White not a little, and the Knight at Q 5th is very well posted.		38. R to Q 4th	Q to K 4th (ch)
19. Q to K 4th		39. B takes R	Q to Q 3rd
Inviting Kt takes P, when R to Q B sq would win.		40. B to K 3rd	P to R 5th
20. R to K B 5th	Kt to B 3rd	41. K to Kt sq	Kt to Kt 2nd
The only alternative seems to be R to Q Kt 5th; but evidently the Pawn is given up intentionally with a view to a King's side attack. Many traps follow.		42. Q to B 3rd	Q to Q 3rd
		43. P to K B 3rd	P to R 5th
		44. K to B 2nd	Kt to Kt 2nd
		45. B to B 5th	Q to Q 4th
		46. B to Q 4th	Q to Q 3rd
		47. B to B 5th	Q to Q 5th
		48. B to K 7th	Kt to R 4th
		49. Q to B 6th	Q to Q 7th (ch)
		50. K to Kt sq	Q to K 8th (ch)

Black wins.

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SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

In one of the magazines for the current month there appears an article on "Hallucinations," which contains some exposition of the scientific views on which physiologists rely for the explanation of these phenomena. Mention is made of the case of Nicolai, the Berlin bookseller, who suffered from illusions, and saw ghostly figures during a period of bodily and mental weakness. These, I say, were "illusions" because Nicolai knew that the spectres which appeared before him had no real or objective existence. A "hallucination," I may remark in passing, differs from an illusion in that the subject thereof believes in the reality of the images he sees—or rather thinks he sees. The records of science are full of cases allied to that of Nicolai. Thus we are entitled to speak of the illusions of the sane, and the hallucinations of the insane and of those who are ill or mentally upset.

The process whereby a sane man sees, or thinks he beholds, a figure which does not exist externally at all is that known to science as subjective sensation. Objective sensation represents the process of ordinary healthy vision. From an object outside us, waves of light enter the eye and are modified to form an image on the retina. This image is ultimately transferred to the seeing centres of the brain, which in turn submit them to the ordeal and judgment of the highest centres of all—those which exercise the consciousness that is the real mental court of appeal. Now let us suppose this process to be reversed in its order. Let us imagine that, in virtue of some abnormal brain action or other, the image or memory of something seen (or of something even fancied) is projected forwards from the background of consciousness on to the eye; or even let us hold that the process may end at the brain's sight-centres, then we experience a sensation akin to that of something actually seen.

My friend Mr. Andrew Lang, in the course of two articles contributed to the *Morning Post*, has entered into an elaborate criticism of my views, which, of course, are simply the views held by physiologists, regarding the production of illusions of sights and sounds. Mr. Lang, I take it, does not deny that illusions can be, and are, produced as I have described. The essence of his plaint is that my explanation does not cover all cases in which spectral figures are seen and mysterious noises are heard. He details a number of instances in which what may be called collective hallucinations (or illusions) have been reported. Thus cases in which several people are alleged to have beheld a figure or to have heard a noise are given, and it is argued that the explanation of science will not suffice to satisfy one's mind of the origin of these compound illusions.

In the first place, it may be well to remind Mr. Lang that the matter is one of evidence. If he is willing to accept off-hand the statements of even educated people regarding mysterious events (some of which may have happened years ago, and are liable all the more, therefore, to error and to exaggeration of an unconscious kind), I can only envy him, in one way, his great faith in the veracity of his fellow-creatures. I imply here no intentional swerving from fact. The circumstances of the recitals preclude any such notion; but my experience, unlike that of Mr. Lang's apparently, has shown me that it is with the greatest difficulty (and often not at all) that one can obtain verification of such stories. I mean the verification which would render them acceptable things to the mind of anyone who was not prepared to bring his hands together and make a placid dive into the depths of the supernatural—I beg Mr. Lang's pardon, I should have said the supernormal. There is a natural tendency on the part of many persons to magnify an incident in course of its repetition, and to add details which never existed. It is unfortunate, perhaps, for science and for common-sense, but the melancholy fact remains that when one begins to inquire into the proofs of the alleged occurrences, such proofs are either not forthcoming or, if offered at all, are of no real value whatever.

This is the evidence side of the question. I know well that in making this assertion I shall call down on my head the wrath of every believer in the occult; but I must stick to my guns here. I have, however, another shot in my ammunition-case. Mr. Lang neglects one important factor in the process whereby an alleged supernormal visitation of compound kind—a figure seen by several people, for example—may be evolved. He knows as well as I do what "suggestion" means; but he fails to credit the power of this principle in the evolution of the multiple illusion. There is no more subtle process known in all the range of psychology than that whereby certain persons will see and hear exactly what is suggested to them. This is not hypnotism, but it is a something that lies very close to its borders. If you contrive to get access to the proper kind of person, you may be astonished at your success in enabling him or her to believe in the reality of that which you have simply suggested.

This fact will account, to my mind at least, for many of the stories one reads and hears of regarding the ghostly figures which are seen by several persons. I am not speaking here of cases in which the spectre has resolved itself into some material object masquerading in their willing eyes as a mysterious visitant from the Shades. But I am very certain that any person possessed of a decided will, and who may figure forth before the eyes of certain imaginative folks a supposed spectral image, will soon develop a multiple hallucination of the most satisfactory character. We should require a rigid cross-examination of all the circumstances of Mr. Lang's stories. Who saw the spectre first? When was it beheld by the other persons? What was the relationship in point of time between the first seeing and the other seeings? Such queries are rarely, if ever, answered, and yet they form only part of the inquiry that would be needed to establish even the plausibility of Mr. Lang's ghost-world. I prefer to retain my sceptical attitude. Like Huxley, I will freely give Mr. Lang his ghosts, single and double alike, if he leaves me my subjective sensation.

LADIES' PAGE.

The Duchess of Cleveland, who has so soon followed her life-long friend and Sovereign, was one of the several leading ladies of advanced age in Society who have proved in recent years that white or very light attire is eminently suitable to elderly women; her mauves and her silvers and her white laces were eminently becoming. Her mental and physical activity, too, served to illustrate once more the great fact that such qualities are conducive to longevity in women; her intellectual interests and her astonishing travels allowed no rusting of her vital forces. Such women as the late Queen and the Duchess of Cleveland, and some happily still amidst us, such as Lady Burdett-Coutts and Miss Florence Nightingale, all passing the age of eighty,

surely giving a reputation as a literary personage to Lady Anne Lindsay, afterwards Barnard, whose volume of letters from South Africa a century ago, edited by Mr. Wilkins, is one of the books of the hour. Lady Anne was brought up much under the influence of that Mrs. Alison Cockburn to whose lively pen we owe the earliest description of Sir Walter Scott's talent when he was still a mere infant. It was Mrs. Cockburn who, in a metrical "Address to Queen Caroline," pointed out that the women of that day were not allowed by public opinion to seek literary fame—

Learning denied us, we at random tread
Unbeaten paths that late to knowledge lead;
By secret steps break thro' th' obstructed way,
Nor dare acquisitions gained by stealth display!
We fear to give our work, though praised, our name,
And shrink not more from infamy than fame!

Mrs. Cockburn was the intimate friend of the Countess of Balcarres, the mother of Lady Anne Barnard, and was one of the eighty persons who frequently inhabited the Castle of Balcarres. Lady Anne followed the example of her elder and adviser in keeping her authorship a profound secret. Each of them wrote at least one poem that has become a classic, and each of them kept it as great a secret that she was an author as if, as Mrs. Cockburn put it, "fame" had been synonymous with "infamy." Mrs. Cockburn wrote "Flowers of the Forest," and Lady Anne was the author of "Auld Robin Gray"; but in both cases the impeachment was denied for years. Another of the most charming of Scottish songs, "The Land o' the Leal," was similarly repudiated by its writer, Lady Nairne, for a great many years. She wrote with indignation of the people, whom she stigmatised as "no friends of mine," who actually had charged her with allowing her productions to be printed! It is small wonder that when educated women, then the few, and mostly members of "good" families, bound by conventional opinions, had been so drilled into a sense of impropriety in authorship, the records of women in literature remained scant and poor until the Victorian era "changed all that." And it is a droll stroke of fate that gives Lady Anne Barnard, a century and a half after her birth, a literary celebrity so much in opposition to her wishes, or, rather, to her tremors.

After the brief break of Whitsuntide, spent by most people in the country, the season is mounting to its zenith. Dressmakers are pushing on with the rest of the gowns ordered for the season, and all the secrets of Madame la Mode are for the nonce revealed. The cretonne trimming is, I fear, going to be vulgarised; it is now to be bought in strips to be affixed to the little dressmaker's handiwork, and is all ready stitched round with gold machine-stitching. The effect is not to be compared with that of the elegantly embroidered and tastefully applied trimming of the great houses that introduced the fashion. In the Park in the morning, muslin, batiste, and zephyr are often worn trimmed so much with lace as to become showy. Tiny capelets finish these gowns in some cases, but, as a rule, the ubiquitous ruffle alone covers the shoulders. Jackets are by far more fashionable than capes, but the young and smart woman in a pretty gown does not care to encase her charms in a coat. Flowers, of which the petals are in gauze, construct some of the smartest boas; white silk poppies, pale mauve roses, and various other beautiful but strange blossoms form these light confections. Black-and-white seems as popular as ever. A black grenadine ruffle, the edges all along tipped with white ostrich feathers, a white muslin one having black chenille spots, a black tulle with white lace insertions, were among the pretty ones in the Park to-day. Belts, again—I could write many lines of description of the novelties in this direction, but in these trifles the notions are not repeated too often, and good taste must be exercised in selecting for oneself from the stock of a good house. The elastic ground belt, quite wide, shaped by a bone or two to sit well to the figure, and worn with the lower edge coming just below the waist-line, is very good style, and the elastic is decorated with many devices. A fine filagree-like embroidery in gold in one case, nail-heads in steel in another, the tiniest of jet beads in yet another case, worked on the black or white or blue elastic *fond*, is successful with a white gown. A touch of black with the lightest of dresses is a success as a rule, and a narrow line of black velvet at waist and throat appears on many a light gown that is otherwise innocent of the sombre tone.

Fête-gowns are naturally the most ornate of day dresses; some of them differ little from evening dresses, save for the high bodice and the comparatively short train. Here is a pretty one. It is made of white crêpe-de-Chine, inserted round the skirt, at a point well above the knee, with a line of white silk lace on which is inset a series of gauze medallions painted with tiny coloured blossoms. The same decoration appears round near the foot of the flounce that forms the lower portion of the skirt. On the bodice there are quantities of tucks, and the painted gauze medallions on the lace run round the base of a yoke of palest pink gauze, while a narrow black velvet band finishes off neck and waist. A blue-and-white foulard is made with a corselet skirt, slit up round the bottom several inches high to show fan-pleatings of black lace over a blue silk lining; the sides of the openings are strapped with blue taffetas, and these strappings are continued to the top of the corselet. The vest is white crêpe-de-Chine barred across with black velvet ribbon, and an inner vest of blue mirror-velvet gives a *chic* touch. Satin-faced are the foulards used for these smart gowns. The plain-surfaced ones are relegated to less ornate styles. The use of lace for trimming, however, is almost invariable. I wonder how many thousands of yards Nottingham has turned out in the last two years? Of course, real lace is used for choice, if one has an abundant supply. But the good imitations are so excellent that they can be employed.

Sunshades are delicious—excuse me, I know as well as you do that the word properly applies only to eatable dainties, but these things of froth and frilling remind one so much of confectioners' dainties in whipped cream and sugar icing that the phrase seems appropriate. Chiffon rules in the smarter division of sunshades; it is laid over silk or satin, and decorated with appliqué lace or cretonne,

and with embroideries of various kinds. Often it bears trails of flowers in gauze, sometimes falling from the top to the point and sometimes passing round the sunshade. Or it may be made to look like one huge flower by layer upon layer of chiffon cut out in petal-shapes, and posed one above another till the entire garment has the appearance of one big rose in the pink or tea-rose yellow chiffon, or of a poppy in the white or scarlet crinkled crêpe that is similarly used. Almost all that is said above of fête-gowns might be repeated about the sunshades. They are encrusted with lace, embroidered with ribbon-work, overlaid with cretonne découpée, or painted with particoloured blossoms. These decorations sometimes appear on the silk, but far more frequently on chiffon that drapes the foundation airily. "Simply delicious," you see!

Handsome gowns for garden-party wear are shown in our illustrations this week. That one with the lace coat indicates the tide of fashion basque-wards. Those postilion-tails are seen on gowns of many materials, and are especially becoming when a second fabric is introduced in considerable quantity, as in this instance. Luxeul lace would suit admirably in this style, though the model drawn is in thick guipure. The gown itself is of chiffon in graceful folds, and bands of harmonising lace are seen trimming the skirt. The fichu and its frill are chiffon, and so is the tie that holds the coat to the waist. The hat is a light and dainty affair of crinoline trimmed with chiffon and marguerites. The other is also a chiffon gown laid over taffetas, with lace of a firm kind for decoration. The silk is cut corselet-fashion, and is prettily over-draped with the chiffon; while scarves of the latter flimsy fabric fall in an original manner from the bust, and are caught with jewelled ornaments in the centre. The hat to be worn with this is of crinoline, trimmed with roses and velvet ribbon.

Art extends itself into the catalogues of firms that pride themselves on displaying it in their business. A



CHIFFON CORSELET DRESS, TRIMMED WITH LACE.

ought to be a great lesson to young women as to the value of strenuous living in preference to indolence and indifference.

As the Government has taken up the Habitual Drunkards Bill of the Bishop of Winchester, and having remodelled it, intends to press it, there is every probability of an important social change being introduced into our domestic legislation. A "habitual drunkard" of either sex will, if this measure pass, be liable to be separated by magistrate's order from his or her wedded partner and family. Such a law obviously needs to be administered with great judgment; "habitual drunkard" is not a term to be lightly affixed to man or woman, nor is the penalty inflicted by such an order a trifling matter, especially to the wife and mother so severed from her home and children. But as regards a real, irreclaimable dipsomaniac, he or she makes a hell upon earth out of the sanctities of home for the innocent family that has the misfortune to be attached to him or her; and I cannot see what argument there is for compelling the unending endurance of such a curse by a sober man or woman or by a family of little children. It is certainly a notable point that this measure will for the first time allow every magistrate or bench of justices to pronounce a separation between man and wife on the husband's appeal. Hitherto a wife cruelly treated by her husband could apply to a magistrate for a separation, but a man had no corresponding right. One whose wife drank all the income that he provided for the family, and neglected every domestic duty, and robbed her own children of their food and clothing to gratify her evil craving, had no remedy at the law's hands. Nor did the law give any remedy either to the wife whose husband drank the money that should have supported his children, provided he was not actively cruel to her otherwise. Yet what could be more real cruelty than the daily incidents of family life with a drunkard involved? The records of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children teem with cases that prove that this offence against family life deserves to be punished by the removal of the opportunities so abused. Again, if there is any truth in the theory of "heredity," that affords another very strong argument in favour of the proposed legislation.

Fate does many curious things, even with regard to posthumous reputation. One of the oddities of fortune is



CHIFFON DRESS WITH LACE COAT.

charming drawing-room wall might have given the model for a pretty catalogue-cover from Messrs. Hewetsons, of 200, Tottenham Court Road. Within this cover there are coloured illustrations of a few articles for their stock; but as the catalogue itself observes on its first page—"one visit is worth ten catalogues." The great speciality of this house is carved oak, especially the old English black oak. But all sort of modern furnishings are supplied also.

"A cookery book for nothing" sounds attractive, and when it is found to be that standard oracle of the kitchen, Mrs. Beeton's "Household Management," the idea becomes more interesting still. Particulars of the gift will be found in the announcements of "Lemco" (which most housewives by this time know is the new name for the old favourite of the cook, Liebig's Extract of Meat), for it is in connection with that admirable article of food that the gifts are to be made. It is wonderful how many savoury dishes can be prepared without much trouble or great expense if one has good recipes and we all know how much "Lemco" aids in this task.

PILOMENA.

THE EMPIRE HOTEL, BUXTON.

The Empire Hotel stands out conspicuously, from its elevated site, like a stately old mansion of the time of Charles II. It contains 300 rooms, and the proprietors have spared no expense in ensuring a most excellent service. With hydraulic lifts, electric light, sumptuous lounge and reception-rooms, it affords every modern comfort; while the architecture, the gardens, and the interior furnishings, by Messrs. Smees and Cobay, all reflect that rich and robust mode of art so familiarly associated with the Court of the "Merry Monarch." The walls of the grand hall and lounge, with its rich marble pillars, are panelled with wood surmounted with broad panels of rich crimson-stamped velvet. The dining-hall is a stately apartment surrounded with wood-panelled walls with red and gold leather, and the floor is covered with a varicoloured Axminster carpet in Oriental colourings. The reading-room, which also serves the purposes of a ball-room when so required, is lined with wood-panelling, and the walls are further enriched from the dado to the ceiling with tapestry of a bold English Renaissance design. Some of the chairs in this room are of a most unusual design, being circular seated and supported by five legs. These chairs, we are told, are a slight modification of an old seventeenth-century example. The chimneypieces in the reception-room are most imposing features. In the drawing-room old lustrous leather and bold tapestry give place to a beautiful wall silk in delicate blue and gold. A blue carpet is also laid in this room, and serves admirably, in point of colour, to accentuate the soft tints of the dull-polished oak and the harmonious coverings of the chairs and sofas. The smoking-room and the billiard-room lack nothing in respect of modern

comfort—indeed, a smoking-room in the style of Charles II. is appropriate, and far more congenial than the now almost old-fashioned Oriental smoking-room that was once *de rigueur* in most well-furnished hotels. The bed-rooms of the Empire Hotel are consistently "seventeenth century" in their appearance,



THE NEW EMPIRE HOTEL AT BUXTON: THE LOUNGE.

Photo, Stewart.

and "twentieth century" in their appointments. The Empire Hotel at Buxton is a welcome addition to the premier hospices of the country, and under Messrs. Spiers and Pond's able and experienced management it ought to rank among the most comfortable and best-appointed hotels in the kingdom.

gregation, including many strangers. His Lordship will be in town after Whitsuntide until Parliament rises. His first speech in the House of Lords is eagerly looked for.

Is it not high time that a little more delicacy with regard to money matters were shown by vicars towards

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Lord Salisbury has found it an easier task to provide a successor to Bishop Stubbs than to Dr. Creighton. The see of London had won the unenviable reputation of killing its late occupant, but the Bishop of Oxford will have almost as calm a life as the Dean of Christ Church. Dr. Paget's was in every way an ideal appointment, and few were surprised to find that, while such friends of the late Bishop as the Rector of Morecambe were still sending their reminiscences to the *Spectator*, the Government had filled the vacant see.

Lord Rosebery has always been a warm admirer of Dr. Paget, and has on several occasions dined at the Deanery of his old college. He was there as Prime Minister in 1894, and Sir John Mowbray tells us that in his speech he described himself as "the least of the Apostles—not worthy to be called an Apostle." A Conservative clergyman who felt aggrieved by the Welsh Disestablishment Bill, then pursuing its weary way through the House of Commons, whispered to his neighbour: "He ought to have finished the text: 'Because I persecuted the Church of Christ.'" The guests were a very congenial party, and, says Sir John "our young friend (the Prime Minister) kept us going till midnight."

The Bishop of London has preached almost every Sunday since his appointment. His sermon on May 19 at the Foundling Chapel attracted great interest, and there was a crowded con-

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their curates and by certain Nonconformist bodies towards their pastors? I am often surprised to hear vicars asking for contributions to make up the salary of "the curate or the assistant clergyman." If this public begging must go on, surely the opportunity of the curate's holiday ought to be taken for holding out the hat on his behalf. It is, to say the least, unpleasant for a University graduate to hear, in presence of a fashionable congregation, that his salary is still short by twenty pounds, and this method of raising money has an indescribable sordidness. In a thriving seaside town some weeks ago, I attended a Nonconformist chapel on Sunday morning, and was surprised to find a notice in every pew that the pastor's salary, as well as all other expenses, was dependent on voluntary offerings. At the doors were two boxes, one marked "The Minister" and another "The Chapel." Why cannot deacons or managers guarantee their ministers a fixed income before engaging them? The Presbyterians and Wesleyans set an example in this respect to us all.

Over fifty speakers are already announced for the Church Congress at Brighton. They include the Bishops of Calcutta and Stepney, Canon Hensley Henson, and others who have only recently reached the highest places in the Church. A very attractive programme of subjects has

been arranged. The principal meetings will be held in the Dome, Corn Exchange, and Hove Town Hall.

The *Church Times* has reached its two thousandth number, and last week's issue contained some very

DUKE OF WESTMINSTER'S COMING-OF-AGE

The Duke of Westminster's coming-of-age and marriage were celebrated at Chester on May 21, 22 and 23, with festivities. On the second day the children of the various schools in the neighbourhood assembled to the number of about six thousand four hundred to be entertained to tea by the Duke. Unfortunately, the Duchess was unable to accompany the Duke to the dais in front of the Town Hall, where his Grace received his little guests. On behalf of the Duchess, the Countess Grosvenor accepted a bouquet of lilies and orchids, presented by one of the girls of the higher grade school. One of the boys of the College School then presented the Duke with a walking-stick and a cigarette-case. After his Grace had replied, the children marched past, headed by the local Volunteer bands. The procession took quite twenty minutes to pass a given point. Sports concluded the children's entertainment, and in the evening a tenantry ball was given at Eaton Hall. At the ball, which was very brilliant, the Duke and Duchess, with their guests, were present. On the third day of the



Photo, Cook, Chester.

THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER'S COMING OF AGE AND MARRIAGE FESTIVITIES AT CHESTER.

Procession of 6400 school-children passing the Duke and party, who are standing on the Town Hall steps.

interesting notes on its history. During the last thirty-eight years it has been steadily growing in popularity and influence, and is now one of the most attractive religious papers in the country.

festivities the cottagers on the Duke's estate were entertained at Eaton Hall. Invitations were issued to about 1290 people residing in Chester and the villages around Eaton. The school-children of these districts were also entertained.

Chairman: J. NEWTON MAPPIN.

Mappin & Webb's

STERLING SILVER AND "PRINCE'S PLATE" (Regd. 71,552.)



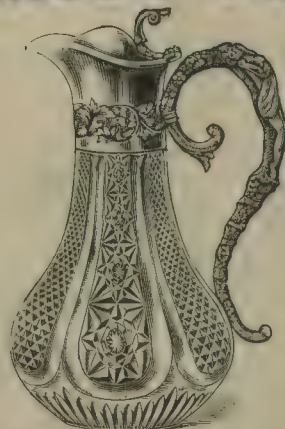
Claret Jug, Crystal Glass Body. "Prince's Plate" Mounts, £1 1s. Sterling Silver " " £3 5s.



Cut Glass Jug with "Prince's Plate" Mounts. £1 1s. ½ pint Beaker to match, 7s.



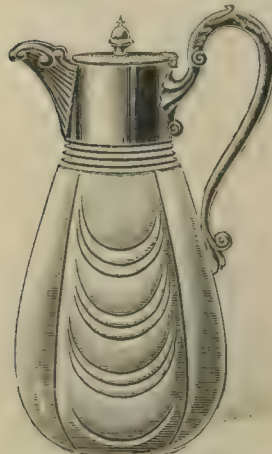
Sterling Silver Champagne Jug, Handsomely Chased, in Antique style, 4 pints, £17 17s.



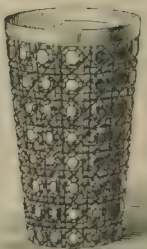
Very richly Cut Glass, with Chased Mounts and finely modelled Handle. "Prince's Plate" ... £4 5s. Sterling Silver ... £6 15s.



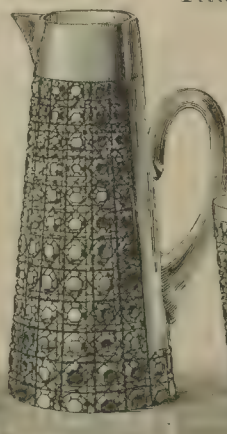
Richly Cut Glass Claret Jug. Chased "Prince's Plate" Mount ... £3 8s. Sterling Silver ... £6 15s.



Cut Glass Claret Jug with Fluted Panels and "Prince's Plate" Mounts, £1 10s. Sterling Silver Mount, £3 10s.

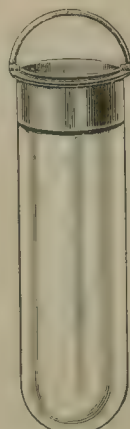


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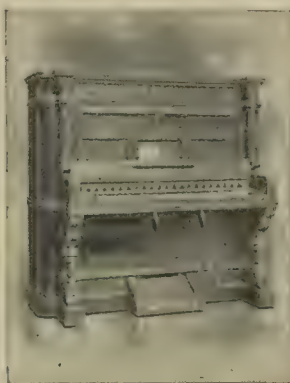
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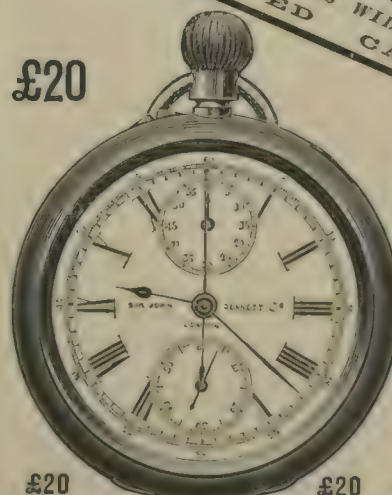
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Feb. 6, 1899), with three codicils (dated Feb. 12 and June 28, 1900, and Feb. 8, 1901), of Mr. Alfred Biedermann, of 24, Pembroke Gardens, and 15, Throgmorton Avenue, who died on April 1, was proved on May 17 by Maximilian Leopold Biedermann, the nephew, and August Lichtenstadt, the executors, the value of the estate being £615,224. The testator gives £500 and, during her widowhood, the use of his residence, with the furniture, etc., therein, and an annuity of £2500, or of £3000 should she reside elsewhere, to his wife, Mrs. Mario Helene Biedermann; £1000 for such charitable purposes as his executors may select; £500 each to his nieces Julie Breisach and Johanna Lichtenstadt; £200 to his niece Francesca Graunbaum; and legacies to persons in his employ. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for all his children.

The will (dated Oct. 19, 1899), with a codicil (dated June 8, 1900), of Mr. Alexander Nesbitt, of Byfield House, Barnes, who died on April 12, was proved on May 16 by Alexander Nesbitt, George James Nesbitt, and Walter Hardy Nesbitt, the sons, the executors, the value of the estate being £136,925. The testator gives £15,000 each to his sons Alexander, George James, Walter Hardy, and Frederick John; £13,000 to his son Robert; £15,000 and furniture of the value of £1000 to his daughter Edith Isabel; £15,000, upon trust, for his daughter Mrs. Louisa Medd; £10,000 each to his daughters Mrs. Mary Emma Mills and Mrs. Emily Patchett; and legacies to servants. The residue of his property he leaves to his sons.

The will (dated Dec. 8, 1897) of Mr. Arthur Abraham Musgrave, of Farecliffe, Manningham, Yorks, who died on March 14, was proved on May 8 in the Wakefield District

Registry by Alfred Simeon Joseph Musgrave, the brother, Mrs. Sarah Eliza Oddy and Miss Marietta Louisa Musgrave, the sisters, and William Simpson Hannam, the executors, the value of the estate being £97,970. The testator bequeaths £500 each to the Bradford Infirmary and Dispensary and the Leeds General Infirmary; £250 to the Royal Bath Hospital and Rawson Convalescent Home, Harrogate; £210 each to the Leeds Tradesmen's Benevolent Institution, the Harrogate Cottage Hospital, and the Leeds Unmarried Women's Benevolent Institution; and £105 each to the Bradford Tradesmen's Benevolent Institution, the Bradford Children's Hospital, the Bradford Auxiliary of the British and Foreign Bible Society, the Railway Benevolent Institution, the Leeds United Institution for the Blind, Deaf, and Dumb, and the Bradford Tradesmen's Home, Lilycroft. The residue of his property he leaves upon sundry trusts for his brother and three sisters.

The will (dated March 17, 1890), with two codicils (dated Dec. 17, 1892, and March 12, 1900), of Mr. George Denis Farrer, J.P., of Brayfield House, Bucks, who died on March 20, was proved on May 17 by the Rev. Frederick Farrer, the brother, Algernon Bertram Freeman Mitford, the nephew, and Charles Whithead Graham, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £62,368. The testator bequeaths his furniture and household effects to his brother, and £200 and an annuity of £1000 to his sister Annie Louisa Farrer. Subject thereto, he settles all his real and personal estate on his brother for life, with remainder to his son Denis Herbert Farrer and his sons according to seniority in tail male.

The will (dated May 17, 1871) of Mr. Foster Mortimore, of 78, Eccleston Square, S.W., who died on Jan. 22, was proved on May 16 by Alexander Mortimore, the brother, one of the executors, the value of the estate being £56,824.

The testator leaves all his property, upon trust, for his wife, Mrs. Harriette Jennings Mortimore, during her life or widowhood, and then in equal shares for his children.


The will (dated Jan. 11, 1900) of Mr. Christopher Knight Watson, of 49, Bedford Square, Bloomsbury, and Calgarth, Westmoreland, who died on Jan. 30, was proved on May 16 by Captain Christopher Godfrey Watson, the son, the value of the estate amounting to £33,182. The testator leaves all his property, including the funds of his marriage settlement, over which he has a power of appointment, to his son.

The will (dated Sept. 14, 1900) of Mr. William Asquith, of Birkes Hall, Halifax, who died on March 14, was proved on May 18 by John Henry Stancliffe Asquith, the son, and John William Stancliffe Asquith, the nephew, the executors, the value of the estate being £26,855. The testator gives his ready money in the house and the use of his furniture, etc., to his wife; and his freehold premises known as the Highbroadwell Works, with the plant, machinery, stock-in-trade, etc., to his son, he paying £1000 to the testator's nephew, J. W. S. Asquith. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life, and then as to one moiety, upon trust, for his daughter Hannah Maria, and one moiety, upon trust, for his daughters Caroline and Mary Emma.

The will (dated July 22, 1895) of Mr. Eden Upton Eddis, of Whitworth, Shalford, Guildford, who died on April 7, was proved on May 18 by Arthur Clement Eddis and Basil Upton Eddis, the nephews, the executors, the value of the estate being £15,737. The testator gives £850 to his son, Eden Herbert Eddis; his furniture and household effects to his daughter, Mrs. Helena Margaret Powell; £50 each to his executors; and legacies to servants. The residue of his property he leaves to his son and daughter.



In her hand this dainty nurse
The symbolism bears,
Of Purity and Excellence
And Cleanliness—'tis PEAR'S'



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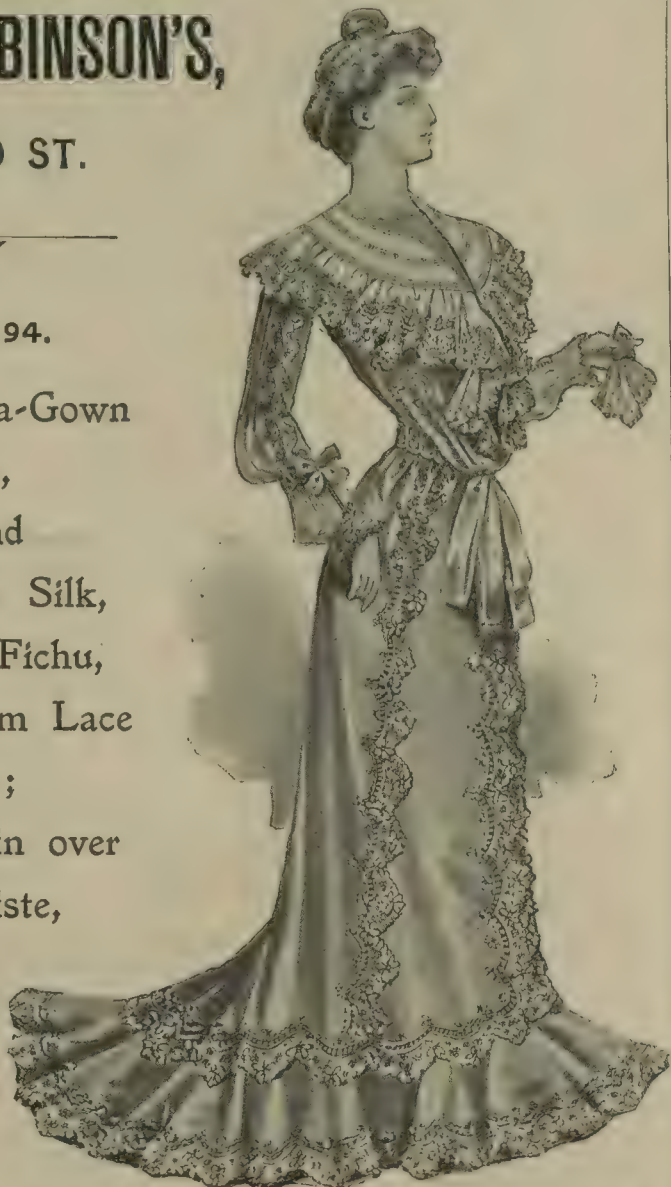
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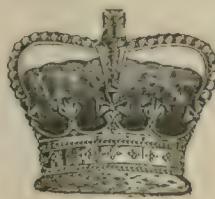
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MUSIC.

THE ROYAL OPERA.

The performance of "Hänsel und Gretel" on Monday, May 20, was very charming. The Fräulein David and Felsner, who played the title-roles, have acted together some seventy times in Humperdinck's fairy opera, and the result is a finished smoothness that is very delightful. Their voices are just as fresh as children's voices, only far more true, for children rarely have a faultless ear. Their purity of note was especially remarkable when they echoed the birds in the wood and repeated the notes of the cuckoo. The prayer-song was also beautifully sung. There is a spontaneous grace about the performance when undertaken by artists. Peter was beautifully sung by Herr Muhlmann, though it is a pity he plays the father in quite such drunken revelry. His realism was too coarse a touch for the idyllic picture, but his voice has a gay, rollicking charm that rang in the memory for a long while after. Miss Edith Miller sang exceedingly well as the spiteful witch. Herr Lohse conducted with his usual genius for attack and ensemble. It seems almost confusing in the same evening to jump from Teutonic actors, conductor, and scene to the emotional Italian "Cavalleria Rusticana,"

with Signor Mancinelli in the conductor's chair. It is, however, a very popular transition, and the new tenor made it no less so. Signor Anselmi is undoubtedly the possessor of a beautiful voice, with an almost imperceptible tremolo or unsteadiness. He sings with an absence of effort that is charming in a tenor; his childlike delight in his success, and the way he eagerly accepts an encore, coming right down to the footlights to bow his gratitude, would make Wagner turn in his grave; but Italian light opera is not music-drama, and the singer's frankness pleases the audience.

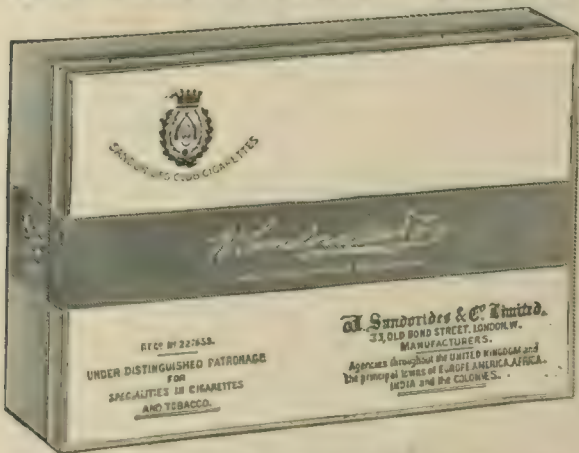
"Tannhäuser" was given on the following night with Herr Lohse as conductor. M. Van Dyck sang Tannhäuser well, and Frau Galski was a gentle, poetic Elisabeth. Venus was again played by Mlle. Strakosch, who sang her music convincingly, and made her allurements very captivating. Her stillness is exceedingly restful, and she acts with great sympathy and intelligence. The orchestra was less ragged than before, and the Pilgrims' Chorus was excellently sung. M. Plançon and Mr. Coates sang well as Hermann and Walther respectively.

Friday night was devoted to Verdi's opera, "Rigoletto," and the Whitsuntide exodus did not seem to affect the opera-house, which was quite full. "Rigoletto," however, has a popularity of its own, and many an old opera habitué

will go to hear the "Donna è mobile" and the celebrated quartet, when Wagner would fail to draw him. It is an opera that improves greatly as the scene unfolds and the tragedy intensifies. It is hard to believe that the same hand wrote the commonplace dance-music, to which a company of jiggling dancers slowly and jerkily revolve, and the fine last act, in which there is the double scene of Il Duca and his latest victim merrily making love, and the agony of the betrayed daughter and father outside. Signor Anselmi as Il Duca added another success to his appearances here. The light, florid music-suits his voice, and the old-world gallant suits his facile manner and easy grace of acting. His voice is singularly true for an Italian tenor, and he does not indulge in any inartistic turns or roulades, forcing the composer's melody to give him some *tour de force*. Madame Suzanne Adams sang Gilda.

"Lohengrin" on Saturday night afforded an unlooked-for but excellent proof of the resources of Covent Garden. The duel between Lohengrin and Telramund resulted in an injury to Herr Mohwinkel, and Telramund had to be taken for the rest of the opera by Herr Muhlmann, who was playing the Herald. It is not easy to go on and sing the exhaustingly difficult music of Wagner at a moment's notice, but Herr Muhlmann was admirable. M. I. II.

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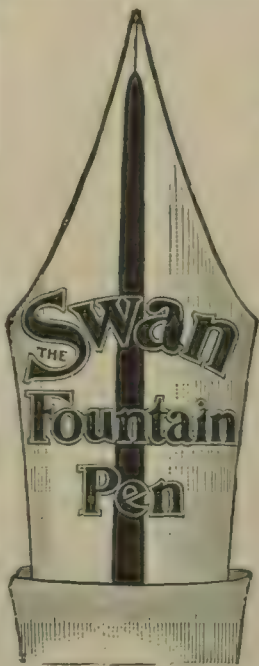
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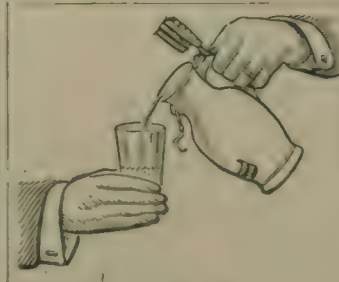
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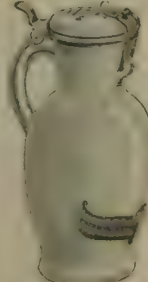
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A THEOLOGICAL INQUIRY.

Under the title "The True Christ and The False Christ," by J. Garnier, author of "Sin and Redemption," we have in two volumes (George Allen) a somewhat extensive inquiry into the developments of what the writer considers to be present-day misconceptions of religious truth in the Christian Church. Volume I. may almost be called a compendium of Doctrinal Theology, in which the author combats the various expiatory and propitiatory theories of the Atonement, as held by McLeod Campbell and Canon Gore among many others, and maintains that the result of such views "is to substitute forgiveness for Life, to substitute the safety, which is all the natural man cares about, for the righteousness, which he does not care about." This point is treated with considerable freshness and vigour; and in the second volume it is argued, somewhat curiously, that this error, together

with the denial of the true humanity of Christ, are among the chief perversions of Romanism as a religious system. At some length, and very ingeniously, the writer traces Romanism and Paganism to a common source of idolatry, and quotes the remark of a High Anglican writer that "all these customs are of Oriental origin, and sanctified by adoption into the Christian Church." Some very sensible truths are expressed on the weakly sentimentalism of a certain school of extreme Evangelical and Spiritualistic thought. We think the author unduly pessimistic, however, in apprehending the supremacy of the "Church of the Future, uniting the errors of Romanism, Buddhism, and Spiritualism," with resultant alternatives of religious infidelity and social anarchism. There is much in these volumes that makes for a robust and more rational conception of religious faith, but Mr. Garnier's theological position is by no means as new as he seems to consider it,

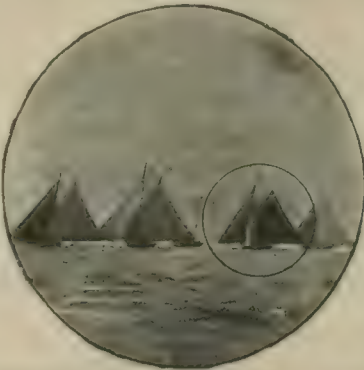
and is, indeed, shared almost entirely by a large school of modern religious thought. The writer has brought to his subject the results of wide and varied reading, and to many, so earnest and lucid a restatement of possibly too familiar truths cannot fail to stimulate the best, both in thought and life.

The Bishop of Bombay has been suffering from the effects of the Indian climate, and, like Dr. Weldon, has been ordered a six months' holiday.

The subscriptions towards the Liverpool Cathedral are now well over £100,000, and the Bishop's Committee have decided to proceed at once with their great scheme.

The Church of St. James's, Leeds, is to be renovated as a memorial of its late Vicar, the revered Canon Jackson, one of the most eminent of the Yorkshire clergy.

For centuries it had been the endeavour of human intelligence to create instruments to enable the eye to observe objects at a remote distance, and the telescopes constructed by Galileo and Kepler in the beginning of the seventeenth century revealed many terrestrial and celestial objects hitherto unknown, but now subjects of common knowledge to every educated person. Strange to say, the three-and-a-half centuries since the construction of these two forms of telescope, of which the Galilean, or ordinary field or opera glass, is the most popular, have been attended by scarcely any alteration or improvement. It was not until 1840 that Porro suggested an entirely new system of construction by using reflecting prisms; but the limited powers of the mechanic and optician at that time prevented such glasses being manufactured commercially, and it has been only within the last six years that they have been placed on the market. Even to-day the manufacturers of such glasses are very few, and the most successful is C. P. Goerz, so well known as the inventor and maker of the best photographic lens.



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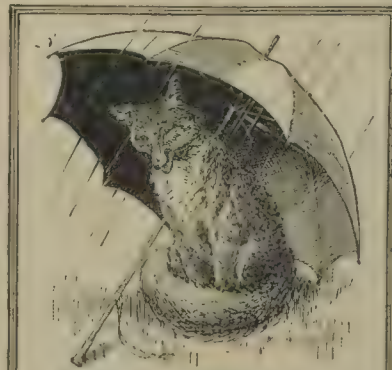
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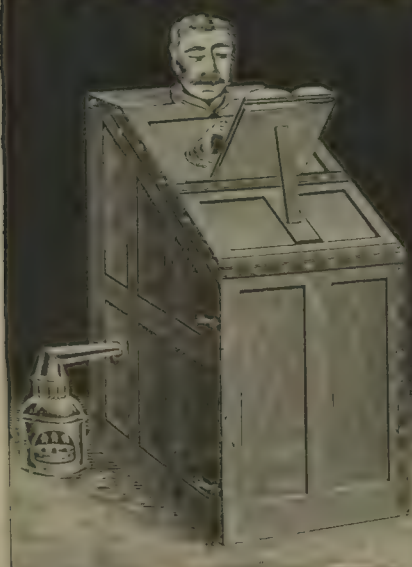
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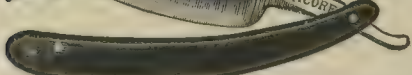
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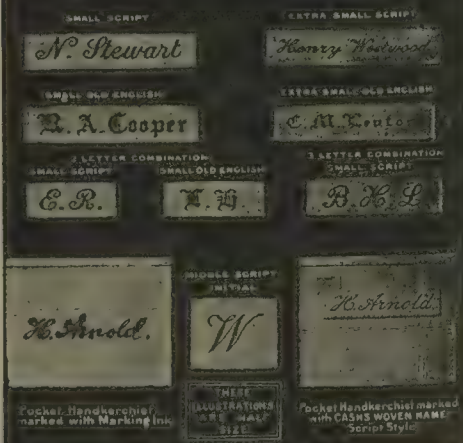
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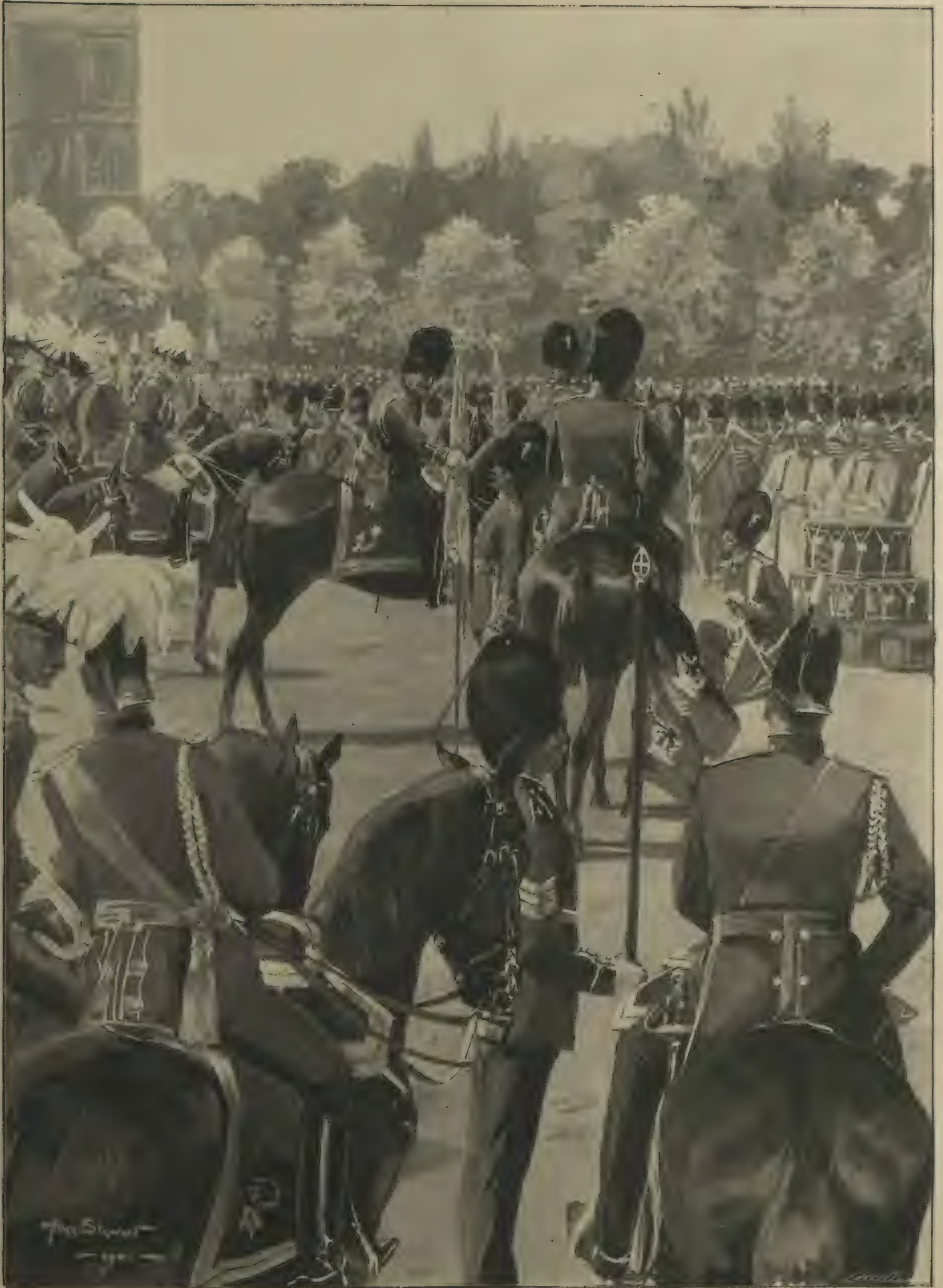
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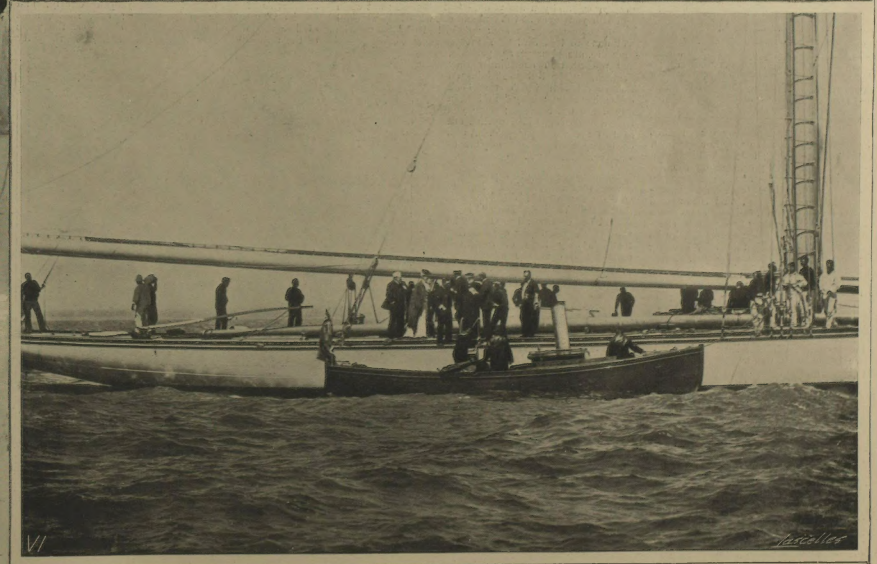
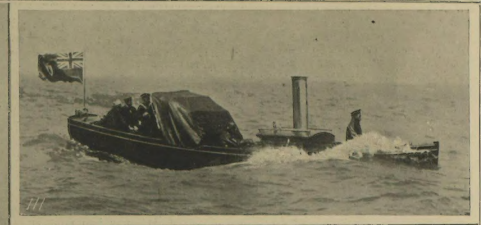
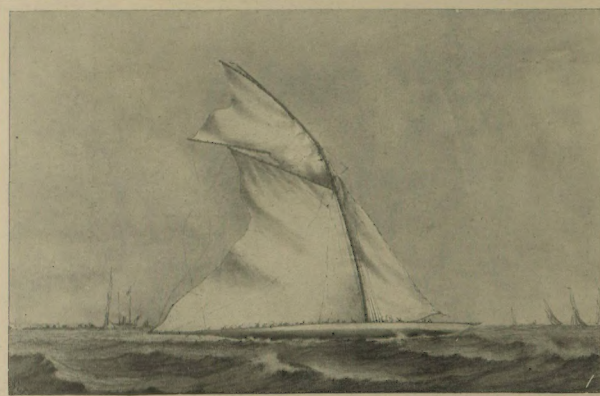
THE KING PRESENTING NEW COLOURS TO THE 3RD SCOTS GUARDS ON MAY 24.

DRAWN BY ALLAN STEWART.

"SHAMROCK II."

"ERIN" GOING TO THE RESCUE.

"SHAMROCK I."



1. "SHAMROCK II." CARRYING AWAY HER MAST OFF COWES.
Sketch (Faintly) by Mr. H. C. Sutton, an Eye-Witness on Board the "Spharic."

2. THE DEMASTED "SHAMROCK II." AND "SHAMROCK I." WITH TOPSAIL IN RIBBONS, VIEWED FROM COWES PARADE.
From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. A. Forester, an Eye-Witness.

3. "SHAMROCK II." AFTER THE ACCIDENT.
Photograph by West.

4. THE WRECK IN TOW.
Photograph by Kitch, Cowes.

5. THE KING AND SIR THOMAS LIPTON ON BOARD THE "ERIN'S" STEAM-PINNACE ON THEIR WAY TO "SHAMROCK II."
Photograph by Debenham.

6. THE KING ABOARD "SHAMROCK II."
Photograph by Debenham.

THE ACCIDENT TO "SHAMROCK II." ON MAY 22: THE KING'S VISIT TO THE YACHT AND NARROW ESCAPE.

LITERATURE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

Queen's Mate. By Morice Gerard. (London: Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.)
Anne Mainwaring. By Alice Ridley. (London: Longmans.)
The Indian Borderland, 1880-1900. By Sir T. H. Holdich. (London: Methuen. 15s.)
Afield and Afloat. By Frank R. Stockton. (London: Cassell. 6s.)
The Briton's First Duty: The Case for Conscription. By George F. Shee. (London: Grant Richards. 6s.)
South Africa a Century Ago: Letters Written from the Cape by Lady Anne Barnard. Edited by W. H. Wilkins. (London: Smith, Elder. 7s. 6d.)

"Queen's Mate" belongs to that somewhat improbable class of stories which professes to deal with the lives and the loves of exalted personages; and because we know them to be improbable, we accord them a certain good-natured

been at pains to build up one really lovable, virtuous, and sympathetic woman, who lifts the story somewhat from its sordid atmosphere of worldliness; but in the end she is disclosed to us "no better than she should be," and with the added stigma which must always cling to those who play the hypocrite. This is quite gratuitous, and, in our opinion, bad art; it spoils the story, and lowers very considerably an otherwise favourable estimate of Lady Ridley's work. For the rest, the style is simple and unpretentious, and the working out of the slight plot is clever and effective.

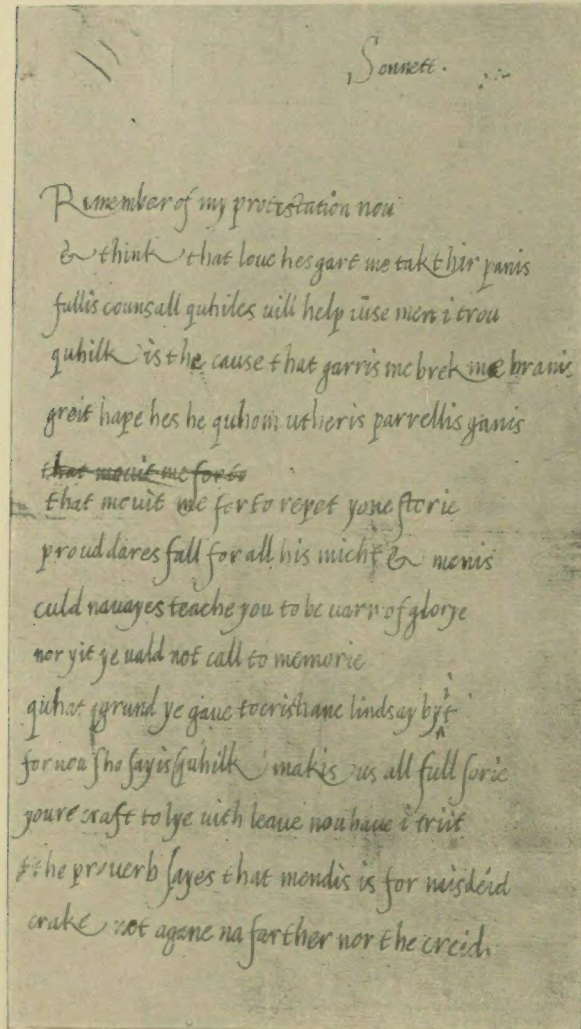
Sir Thomas Holdich has twenty years' experience of the "Indian Borderland," in the capacities of surveyor and political officer. To commend him as an authority on the North-Western Frontier and its peoples. He has likewise a fluent pen, a keen eye for detail, and a vein of dry humour to qualify him as an instructor on these subjects. Instruction and amusement are to be found in this delightful blend of mountaineering, soldiering, and exploration. Few people know how important has been the work performed, often under circumstances of the greatest risk and difficulty, by the officers of the Great Trigonometrical Survey of India; nor are their most thrilling adventures likely to find their way into print, since these are so often encountered on private expeditions undertaken by enthusiasts in defiance of Border regulations. Sir Thomas Holdich deals chiefly with large undertakings. He was Chief Survey Officer of the Russo-Afghan Boundary Commission in 1884-86, and superintended the work of rendering Herat defensible; he was at work in the Kunar Valley when Umr Khan advanced on Chitral, and saw that business through the eyes of his Afghan confrères. Then he directed the work of the Pamir Boundary Commission in 1895, and a year later accompanied the Tirah Field Force as Chief Survey Officer. This last expedition was full of excitement: the survey parties found it impossible to get "far enough, high enough, out of reach enough" (the last phrase is scarcely English, but let that pass) of the enemy to secure the certainty of a peaceful hour's work; the theodolite and plane-table could never be set up without drawing fire from some lurking party of tribesmen. Whether regarded as a record of adventure or as a contribution to frontier history, the book is a charming one. There are some good illustrations, and a map worthy of a Survey Officer's book.

"Afield and Afloat," Mr. Stockton's new collection of stories, is a book redeemed from tenuity and insignificance by the grace and easy good-humour of the method. The stories are trifles, but they are well told, and to tell a trifle well is the triumph of the artist. Most fairly competent writers could make something of a big situation; but few of them would be able to make much ado about nothing so as to interest the reader. That is what Mr. Stockton can accomplish. And therein lies his danger. Knowing that he can make a trifle serve his purpose for twenty or thirty pages of easy narrative, he is at no pains to look around him for a subject worthy of his powers. The result is that some of these stories, if handled by any other man, would disgust the reader by their palpable insignificance. You read "The Governor-General," "Old Applejoy's Ghost," and "The Ghosts in my Tower," and you are pleased to read them; but when you rub your eyes at the end and ask what they were all about, you can only answer: "Story! God bless you, he had none to tell, Sir!" Yet these sketches, elusive as they are, are pleasant, sympathetic, and presented in charmingly easy English. "The Buller-Poddington Compact," with which the book opens, has more "body" in it than any of the other stories: there you have a really comic idea worked out in two ingenious parallels. As to the others, their manner is pleasant and their matter nil.

Mr. George Shee is a passionate advocate of conscription. Nobody will quarrel with his axiom that "The Briton's First Duty" is to defend his country; but those who need conversion to the opinion that Britain's only hope of continued existence lies in the adoption of

universal military service, are not, we fear, likely to be converted by Mr. Shee. Truth to tell, a stronger case than his would be marred by such intemperate advocacy. Our regular troops are not composed of such deplorable "weeds" and such hopeless social failures as the author depicts; and it may surprise him to learn that even lowering the standard of physique for recruits is not an unmixed evil, small and wiry, or small and sturdy men being quite as useful as their taller brethren. Neither does Mr. Shee commend himself as a pleader when he tells us that our military resources have been "strained" by a war against 50,000 to 60,000 "undisciplined farmers." A very elementary acquaintance with facts would have shown him that the strain was caused, not by the strength of the enemy, but by the enormous length of our communications, to guard which two-thirds of the troops in the field have been employed. "Undisciplined" the Boers may have been from the drill-sergeant's point of view, but even Mr. Shee should be able to recognise the skill with which these very irregular mounted infantry have adapted their tactics to the conditions under which they fought. We heartily agree with him that a year's military training would be of moral and material benefit to every man, and would create an invaluable militia reserve, but we do not care for his method of presenting his case. He seems to suffer from mental dyspepsia, induced, perhaps, by inability to digest his own figures, which betray greater industry than assimilative power.

It is a commonplace that Asia is unchanging, but most of us think of Africa as a continent where nothing is permanent, a region of fever and fighting, restless speculation, and sudden revolutions. The delightful letters of Lady Anne Barnard to Henry Dundas, afterwards Lord Melville, will, however, convince anyone who knows the Cape to-day that men and things change slowly even in South Africa. The writer of the letters, best known under her maiden name of Lindsay, as author of "Auld Robin Gray," was the wife of Mr. Andrew Barnard, who went to the Cape in 1797 as secretary to Lord Macartney, the first British Governor. The Barnards stayed there for five years, covering the greater part of the first British occupation, and as Lady Anne was the most important woman in the colony, she had ample means of judging things social and political. She was a really good letter-writer; she knew Mr. Dundas very intimately, and as he was Secretary of State her letters were largely concerned with public affairs. At the same time, they form a singularly amusing private diary. Her mission was to conciliate the Dutch, and her tact and good humour seem to have won considerable success. It was not easily won, because the Dutch were convinced that we should evacuate the colony (in which they were for the moment right), just as in 1880 the Boers were, with equal justice, certain that we should retire from the Transvaal. We did leave the Cape in 1803—to return permanently in 1806—but the general feeling of restlessness in both cases made our new fellow-citizens fearful of committing themselves by too hearty an adoption of English sympathies, and one need hardly say that many English were not too careful of Dutch susceptibilities; so that it required all Lady Anne Barnard's tact to undo the bad effect of some bumptious subaltern's facetiousness. She judged clearly, and speaks very frankly to her friend; and, really, most of her remarks about the Dutch character, the ways of the up-country Boers, whom she liked, and the petty

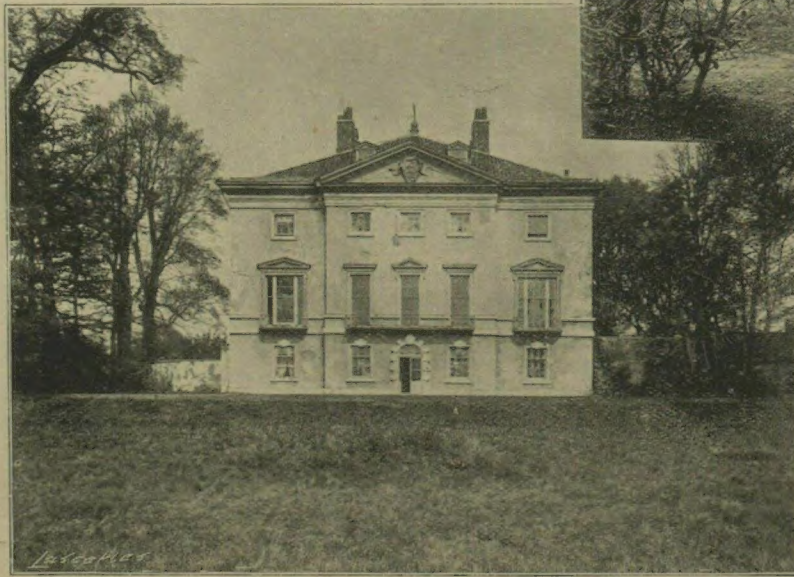


AUTOGRAPH POEM OF JAMES I.,
RECENTLY DISCOVERED IN THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY.

A volume of autograph poems by King James I. of England and VI. of Scotland has just been published by Messrs. Archibald Constable and Co., who have been permitted by Bodley's Librarian to print the text with collotype reproductions of the originals. The poems have been edited by Mr. Robert S. Rait, Fellow of New College, Oxford, to whose kindness we are indebted for the reduced facsimile of a sonnet which appears above.

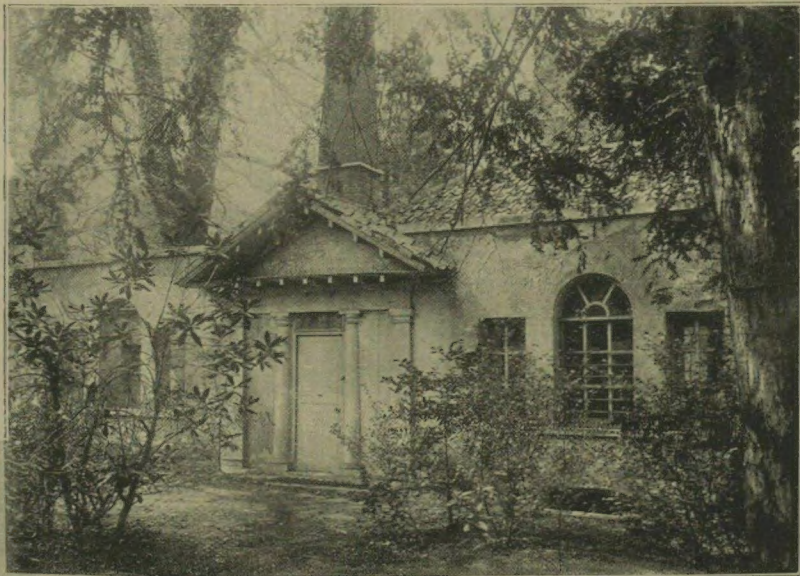
indulgence, content if they but while away some tedious hour. Mr. Morice Gerard's book is a very fair specimen of its kind, and it is quite readable; indeed, had it been a maiden effort—this possibility is precluded by the list prefixed as "by the same author"—we might have gone a step farther and pronounced it promising. Apparently Mr. Gerard is an old hand, and he should know better than to use such infelicitous expressions as "diametrically different," and "Are you a clairvoyant of character?" Nor do we understand why he should have thought fit to break up the really exciting record of one afternoon's experiences by introducing chapters which have nothing to do with it, least of all in point of time; unless, indeed, it is in order that these same chapters shall be read. The love-story of Queen Helena is very pretty, and though she is regal every inch, she is a woman too, and even finds it possible to sink the Queen in the woman when occasion demands it. She is also very beautiful, and Mr. Gerard gives a moving description of her maiden charms. We have never, in the flesh, met anyone so peerless; but we live in hope.

"Anne Mainwaring" is, on the whole, a strong book, and it is also very sad, unredeemed by any touch of playfulness, unilluminated by any ray of hope. Lady Ridley has taken for her heroine that very helpless and much-to-be-pitied creature, the child who is always misunderstood. In due course the child develops into a self-conscious, reticent young woman, at war with all the forces that surround her, and with hardly anyone to love her. To escape from the thralldom of society, which she hates, and to pursue art, which is her ruling passion, she marries a man whom she cannot love, and for whom she entertains but scanty respect. It is easy to foresee that the end must be tragedy, one way or another; but we confess that we were scarcely prepared for the disagreeable revelations of the concluding chapters. Throughout the volume, Lady Ridley has



MARBLE HILL, TWICKENHAM, THE RESIDENCE OF POPE'S "CHLOE."

The estate of Marble Hill, shortly to be given over to the builder for the extension of villadom, is famous for its memories of Pope's "Chloe." The lady thus celebrated was Mrs. Henrietta Howard, afterwards Countess of Suffolk, for whom the house was built by George II. There Mrs. Howard held court of all the wits of the day. Pope contrived the gardens, and was, according to Swift, chief butler and keeper of the ice-house. The name of the house has found its *locus classicus* in Swift's "Pastoral Dialogue between Marble Hill and Richmond Lodge."



THE GARDEN HOUSE, MARBLE HILL.

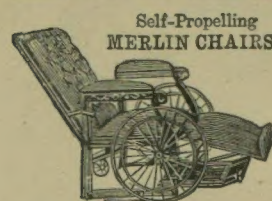
squabbles of colonial society, might have been written to-day. Further, we read in her letters of Boer insurgents in the Graaf Reinet district, of Kaffir wars, of colonial volunteers, and other features of the present decade. One great social advantage the Cape then possessed; for it was the half-way house to India, and at Cape Town one might meet Governors-General of India and Governors of Madras, and even of New South Wales, passing to and fro. Mr. Barnard, one gathers, was an amiable non-entity; but his salary (larger, we believe, than the present salary of a Cape Premier) makes one envious, especially if one reflects that his sole qualification for office was his marriage to a brilliant and influential wife. The book would be well worth reading at any time, but in the present situation it is positively illuminating. Mr. Wilkins's editorial work is exactly what is required; he explains allusions when necessary, but never offers superfluous comment.

[For a List of Books Received, see page 775.]

Leveson's Bath Chairs and Invalids' Chairs have been ordered by His Majesty's Government for the use of the Invalid Soldiers from the War.

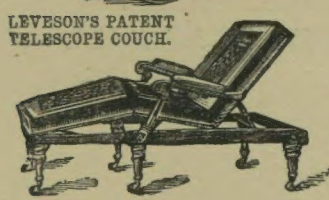
LEVESON'S INVALID CHAIRS & CARRIAGES.

(Established 1849.)

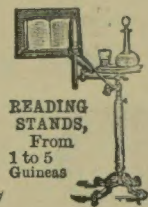


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MERLIN CHAIRS.

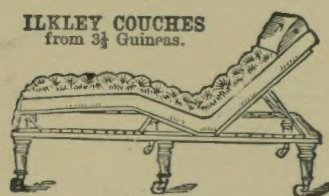
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STANDS,
From
1 to 5
Guineas



WICKLEY COUCHES
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LEVESON'S ADJUSTABLE
LOUNGE. The Leg-REST
slides under the seat. Neatly
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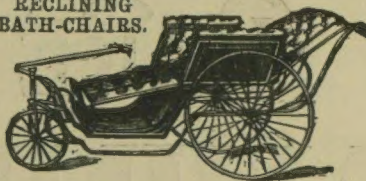
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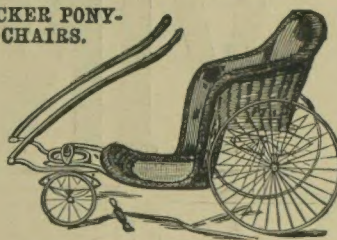
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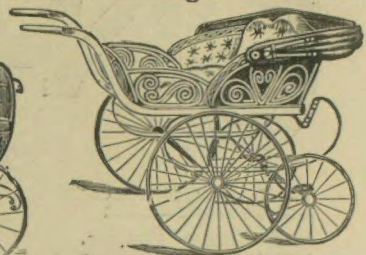


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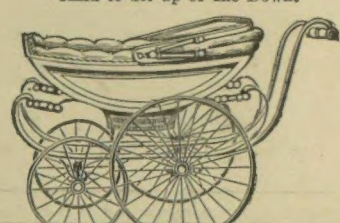


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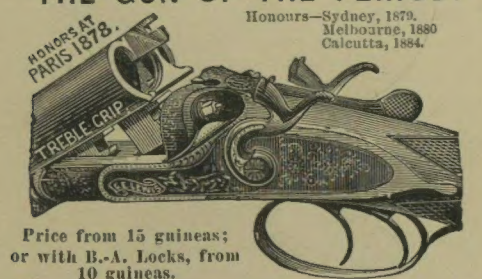
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